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THE CONGRESS.

THE success of the Congress in its main purpose of preventing war is now all but fully assured; and on the whole its general result may be regarded with reasonable satisfaction. It is true that England has been compelled to make concessions, and that Russia has obtained advantages of which some are unjust; but nothing has been yielded which ought to have been maintained at the cost of war. It is not necessary to accept literally Prince BISMARCK's assurance that the English Government has obtained great advantages by the action of the Congress. He may probably have wished to soothe the susceptibilities of England, and to facilitate compliance with the remaining demands of Russia; but it is right that the terms obtained by Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY should not be unduly depreciated. The extortion of the Bessarabian district on the left bank of the Danube from Roumania was an odious act of violence and ingratitude; but, if Austria and Germany were content that some of the mouths of the river should pass under the dominion of Russia, it would have been impossible for England to be the sole champion of right, especially as Roumania had by its unprovoked attack on Turkey done its best to thwart English policy. Prince CHARLES and his Government entered on the struggle in the hope of aggrandizement; and they have obtained an exchange instead of a simple addition of territory. It is not a matter for regret that Russia should have taken occasion to warn minor States of the danger of accepting her patronage. Until the proceedings of the Congress are made public, it will be impossible to judge whether Lord BEACONSFIELD's protest was as opportune as it may probably have been eloquent. The right of making a speech on Bessarabia was hardly worth reserving when Lord SALISBURY and Count SCHOUVALOFF signed their famous Memorandum. The extension of Montenegrin territory has no interest for Englishmen, except as it may perhaps induce the brave and predatory highlanders to confine themselves within their own borders. Their apologists and admirers have always asserted that they were obliged to forage in the plains because their barren dominion scarcely provided them with the means of subsistence. They probably held with the Welsh bard that, if the mountain sheep were sweeter, the valley sheep were fatter; and their excursions in search of plunder derived an additional interest because they were directed to the spoliation of infidel owners. They have now obtained a considerable addition of land on the eastern side of the hills, amounting to half the territory which was granted to them by Russian liberality at San Stefano. For their petty commerce the Montenegrins may use the port of Antivari, though the Austrian Government has provided against the admission of ships of war which would probably not have belonged to Montenegro. The occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austrian troops affords perhaps the best chance of establishing tolerable relations between the Mahometans who form the upper classes and the Christians who had the questionable merit of reviving the Eastern question. The Turkish Government naturally objected to an arrangement which had been made without its consent; but the provinces which are to be occupied may possibly welcome the intervention of a civilized Government, and at the last moment the Turkish Plenipotentiaries withdrew their opposition.

To the English Plenipotentiaries belongs the credit of having provided Turkey with a northern frontier which,

notwithstanding the cession of Sofia to Russia or Bulgaria, is apparently defensible. The exclusion of the district of Sofia from the province of Eastern Roumelia seems to have been the result of a separate arrangement between Russia and Austria, in which provision was also made for the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Lord BEACONSFIELD had defeated the insidious demand of a limitation of the strength of the Ottoman frontier force, but he was unable to secure for Turkey the important position of Sofia. Military authorities are divided on the question whether the line of the Balkans as settled by the Congress can be effectually defended. Russian writers, and English partisans of Russia who are bent on disparaging the success of their own representatives in the Congress, boast that an invading force will be able to turn the hill defences. To form a positive opinion on the subject it would be necessary to ascertain whether the Turkish army would be commanded by a general such as OSMAN or by a coward and traitor. It is also contended that Bulgaria, instead of being reduced to half the proposed dimensions, should have been made as strong as possible, in the hope that hereafter it might form a barrier against Russia. The facility with which the invader converted the Roumanian and Servian armies into his vanguard may well suggest a doubt whether it is prudent to multiply and strengthen the docile clients of a formidable patron. General IGNATIEFF, who was assuredly not anxious to secure Turkey or Europe against Russian aggression, enforced on the frightened and submissive Turkish Ministers the arrangement which is now described as favourable to England. Prince BISMARCK with characteristic candour reproved the Turkish Plenipotentiaries for demurring to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, by reminding them that they owed to the benevolence of Congress the retention of Eastern Roumelia, which he described as a beautiful province. It may be inferred that he is not of opinion that the acceptance of the San Stefano treaty would have been injurious to Russia. In all these negotiations it must be remembered that England at times stood almost alone in defending the cause of moderation and justice. There is no reason to suppose that Austria would, but for the resolute policy of the English Government, have opposed General IGNATIEFF's project. France has, probably for sufficient reasons, been consistently neutral, and Germany has displayed an undisguised partiality to Russia. The Power which still controls the narrow seas is not placed, as by the Treaty of San Stefano, wholly at the mercy of Russia.

The claims of Greece and the disposal of Batoum, though they raise interesting and important questions, could not be expected to produce a rupture. With the exception perhaps of Russia, all the European Powers would gladly extend the frontiers of the Greek Kingdom; but it is necessary to take some account of the not unreasonable objections of Turkey. On the part of Greece a claim to consideration has been established by the deference which was paid to the pacific counsels of England, at a time when a new war on the southern frontier would have greatly added to the embarrassment of the Porte. On the less complicated question of the proposed transfer to Russia of the port and district of Batoum, the hands of the English Plenipotentiaries are tied by the London Memorandum. That document enumerated the concessions which might be made without prejudice to any duty or interest vitally affecting the honour or security of England; yet it must be confessed that it was unfortunate that the

English Government should ever seem to acquiesce in the most unjust of all the Russian demands. It would appear that the Congress has adjourned or referred to a Commission the consideration of the enormous pecuniary fine which was imposed on Turkey by the Treaty of San Stefano. It was indeed stipulated in the Memorandum that the pecuniary claims of the English Government should be reserved; but, in default of further provisions, the new liability would almost certainly be made to take precedence of the just rights of private bondholders. General IGNATIEFF'S main object in insisting on the fine was perhaps, as in other articles of the treaty, to reduce Turkey to an absolutely dependent condition, and to furnish his own Government with a pretext for any additional annexation of Turkish territory which might be thought expedient. All interests might perhaps be reconciled if an effective supervision over Turkish finances could be established by the Congress. The resources of the Empire, even in its reduced condition, are not inconsiderable, and the chronic habit of wasteful extravagance and of administrative laxity suggests the probability that better management would produce large financial results.

On this and on other points much difficulty may be caused by the instinctive or calculated obstinacy of the Turkish Government. It seems that, since the meeting of the Congress, English influence at Constantinople has ceased to be paramount; nor is it improbable that the Ministers are disposed, as on many former occasions, to resort in despair to the advice of the deadliest enemy of their country. The English officers in the Turkish army have been discountenanced or deprived of their commands; and the great influence of Sir AUSTIN LAYARD is for the time impaired. The SULTAN seems to interest himself exclusively in his own personal safety, and it must be easy for intriguing courtiers to play upon his fears. If General IGNATIEFF were, as before the war, the confidential adviser of the Palace and the Porte, he would perhaps have organized a suicidal resistance to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. A check to the aggrandizement of Austria might not be unacceptable at St. Petersburg; and there would be a certain satisfaction in directing Turkish resentment to a new object. It is not yet known whether the Austrian Government in executing the decision of the Congress would have been prepared to disregard Turkish protests. England, France, and even Italy, will undoubtedly approve an immediate entrance of the Austrian forces into the provinces, and the difficulty is now removed by the prudent submission of Turkey. There are still elements of trouble in the neighbouring regions; and General FADAEFF, who has always recommended war with Austria as preliminary to the conquest of Turkey, is engaged on a mysterious mission from his Government in the neighbouring districts of Servia. If the Congress is firm, revolutionary agents can be easily disavowed. The time is not yet come to estimate fully the results of the most important diplomatic transaction of modern times.

THE INDIAN PRESS ACT.

THE Indian Press Act and the Correspondence relating to it have now been laid before Parliament. The Act is a much more stringent one, and has a far wider scope, than could have been anticipated from the summary which, when the Act was passed, was telegraphed to England. It was supposed to be solely directed against newspapers, and only against newspapers flagrantly seditious or calumnious. But it deals not only with newspapers, but with books, and, among books, with those which are "likely to excite antipathy between any persons of different 'races or religions.'" If any such book is published, the Government may issue a warrant and seize the whole plant of the publisher. The whole native literature of India, whether ephemeral or not ephemeral, is thus placed at the absolute mercy of the Government if it in any way touches on politics or religion. It is also most distinctly a piece of class legislation. That may be said in English which is not to be said in a native tongue. The VICEROY attempts to show that the distinction is not one of a class character, because nothing is said in English publications that can be pronounced objectionable, and because a native may still publish as much objectionable matter as he pleases provided that he publishes it in English. The first statement is disposed of by the Corre-

spondence published in this volume. It appears that Sir JAMES STEPHEN, when he was in India, was asked by some leading natives how far they might go without infringing the Article of the Penal Code dealing with seditious writings. His answer was, "Go to the English newspapers; whatever they say you may say; that any one should want to be more offensive than they are is inconceivable." Sir R. MEADE, writing from Hyderabad, says:—"The articles that sometimes appear in English journals, if translated into the vernacular, would appear quite as 'objectionable as any that appear from a native pen.'" That the natives may write what they please provided they write it in English is exactly to state what is meant by saying that this is a class measure. That the English may write in their language and that the natives may not write in theirs is the ground for saying that this Act deals with one race in India as it does not deal with another. The simple and obvious fact is that the Government knew that the English proprietors of newspapers and books in India would not stand having their whole property placed at the mercy of the authorities. If they never offended against the new law, it could not have hurt them to have had it made general; but they would not like such a law affecting them to be in existence. That there is any great harm in the Act being a piece of class legislation is a different proposition. The position assumed by Lord LYTON is that we are conquerors with a small force in a country where the people are so childish and ignorant that they might easily become disaffected if disaffection were suggested to them, and that this disaffection would be very dangerous to us. We cannot, in fact, treat the native races as we treat our own people, for the natives are too foolish and barbarian to be treated in the same way. This is a perfectly intelligible and probably a defensible proposition; but any one who makes it need not be ashamed to say that he will allow things to Englishmen which he will not allow to natives.

The VICEROY had previously obtained the leave of Lord SALISBURY to bring in a Bill to restrain the license of the native press, so that the responsibility of bringing in a Bill of some sort does not rest with him. But the mode in which the Bill was passed and its details belong to him and his Council. It was in one way unfortunate that all the Council were of the same opinion. They all thought a Press Bill absolutely necessary. Their opinion was not shared by other persons not unqualified to judge. Mr. HOBHOUSE had left behind him a strong and very able memorandum against exceptional interference with the native press. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM and Sir W. ROBINSON were strongly against it. The balance of opinion among the high officials consulted was no doubt as strongly in favour of the Bill as it could be, and the VICEROY could not help being surrounded by a Council all the members of which backed him up. But it would have been fortunate if there had been some one on the Council who took the other side, so that there might have been some real discussion. As it was, the Bill was hurried through without criticism in a single sitting, and was ushered into existence with a sort of manifesto from Lord LYTON, whose speech was a rhapsody in favour of repression. Something bordering on the ridiculous was imparted to the proceedings by the strange effusion of the President. It might have been expected that Lord LYTON would have preserved enough of his own sense of humour, and would have retained, even in India, strong enough recollections of the ordinary common-sense and decorum of English statesmanship, to have been sensible of the ludicrousness of addressing grand passages about the British Empire and the glory of our ancestors to a dozen gentlemen who were all prepared to vote exactly as he wished. But it ought to be recorded that, amid all his bombast, he did make it quite clear that he was really sorry to have to gag any press, even the native Indian press. Preceding speakers had shown that they shared this feeling; and there can be no doubt in the mind of any impartial reader that the whole Council much regretted that the Act had to be passed, and only yielded to what seemed to be the insuperable pressure of a sad necessity. This ought to be accepted as a strong proof that some measure to restrain the native press was unavoidable. It also afforded a considerable guarantee that the Act was not likely to be worked in a harsh and reckless manner. If the Act was despotism, it was not the creation of men who loved despotism. We in England may find it hard to gather from the specimens of native newspaper writing given in the volume that any great

danger was to be apprehended from compositions which seem puerile and trivial rather than anything else. But experienced administrators are the true judges, so long as they convince us that they are not prompted by a secret longing to glorify and strengthen bureaucratic government. Some of the provisions of the Bill were open to great objection, and the attempt made to shirk the plain fact that the natives could not be treated as Englishmen insisted that they themselves must be treated gave an air of unreality to the discussion; but, in face of the strong representations of danger made by the majority of those having the greatest experience of Indian government, a much calmer Viceroy than Lord LYTTON might well have thought that some measure of repression was necessary.

That the Act will in practice be worked so as to treat native authors and writers unjustly is extremely improbable. No sooner had it been passed than Lord LYTTON got frightened at seeing it put in operation. As the Act stands, it is in the discretion of the local Governments to take proceedings under it, and it was found that the local Governments in their zeal were thinking of punishing newspaper writers for what they had written before the Act came into operation. The VICEROY immediately stopped this, and ordered that no local Government should take any steps at all until it had got the permission of the Supreme Government. And this was not all. One of the first duties of Lord CRANBROOK on entering on his new post was to express his opinion of the Act, which by that time had been sent home. Lord CRANBROOK did not like the Act at all. The most he could bring himself to say was that "HER MAJESTY'S advisers could not recommend her to disallow a measure seconded by such a weight of local authority," and supported by so strong a case for repression as seemed to have been made out. The natural suggestion would be that offenders should be prosecuted in the regular way; but Lord CRANBROOK found that Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Lord NORTHBROOK and the Indian law advisers of the Government thought that a prosecution would do more harm than good. Lord SALISBURY, too, had sanctioned the introduction of a repressive Bill; and, although Lord CRANBROOK might not be quite sure that these authorities were right, still he could not say that he disagreed with them. He therefore, with cold and guarded approval, sanctioned the Bill. But he immediately proceeded to cut a large slice out of it. One of its most distinguishing features was the introduction of a censorship. Newspaper editors were promised that they should lead a perfectly comfortable life if they would but agree to submit beforehand all they intended to publish to a Government Inspector. This was too much for Lord CRANBROOK. By a stroke of his pen he got rid of the censorship altogether. He directed the VICEROY not to put this part of the Act, and it was the most objectionable part, into operation. Repression at least leaves the press alive; but a censorship makes it a corpse. As Lord CRANBROOK remarks, "I cannot but see that any censor of proofs will, in fact, write the newspaper he revises." Further, Lord CRANBROOK explained that any criticism proceeding from the native press on the measures or officials of the Government, although this criticism might be captious or unfair, must be endured. Nothing is to be noticed except exhortations, open or covert, to disaffection. As, under his own regulations, no one can notice anything in the native press without the permission of Lord LYTTON, and as Lord LYTTON cannot notice anything without immediate responsibility to Lord CRANBROOK, who is determined that the Act shall be worked in the most sparing manner consistent with the avoidance of grave political danger, there can be no reasonable ground for apprehending that it will be turned into an engine of despotism. It may be anticipated that native editors will slightly vary their style in speaking of the English Government, and will abstain from outrageous libels, and that otherwise things will go on much as they have gone on hitherto.

GERMANY.

THE correspondence which has passed between the Vatican and Berlin shows that no hopes can be entertained at present of a reconciliation between the POPE and the EMPEROR. It is obvious that it is not by a polite and formal correspondence of this sort that a reconciliation

can be effected. The CROWN PRINCE justly observes that the quarrel is not a thing of to-day or of yesterday, but has been burning with greater or less ardour for centuries. He does not propose that Germany shall make any concessions. The FALK laws are to remain in force, and, if the POPE was the most liberal of men and free to act as he pleased, he could not make concessions without receiving something in return. How far he is more liberal, more peaceably disposed, and more tolerant than most of his predecessors is a matter of uncertainty; but it is notorious that he is not free to act as he pleases. There is a clique in the Vatican as there is in the Palace of the SULTAN; and a clique rules the POPE as it rules the wretched heir of OTHMAN. This clique enjoys and foment the quarrel with Germany; and it does so not only from an ecclesiastical love of a row, but on grounds that to most ardent Catholics will seem unassailable. The bases of the FALK laws are two—that the State must guard against clerical disaffection, and that it has a right to say that all persons exercising a learned profession within its borders shall pass through the kind of education which the State pronounces to be the best. But the Roman clergy are disaffected towards the State in Germany not so much on general grounds as on the special ground that the German Empire has been the prime agent in destroying the Temporal Power, and is the most powerful obstacle to its restoration. For the POPE to order the German priests to begin to speak well of the German Empire would be for him to own that he altogether disregarded his claim to the Temporal Power, and was content that it should quietly die out. It is difficult to see how he could do this openly, and those who move the strings of business in the Vatican would never allow a complete and public reversal of the policy and abandonment of the pretensions which guided and animated PIUS IX. and his advisers. A tacit understanding that the priests should give no trouble might no doubt have been arranged if the German Government had been willing to abrogate the new ecclesiastical laws. But then the FALK laws are not merely designed to meet the temporary political emergency of disaffection caused by the abolition of the Temporal Power. They assert a principle which, good or bad in itself, is entirely opposed to all the traditions of Catholicism. This principle is that priests must submit themselves to the influences of lay training, because these influences are so beneficial that no one who affects to teach others can teach properly unless he has been subjected to them. That lay German teaching is better than Ultramontane clerical teaching is a proposition which easily commends itself to English Protestants; but it can scarcely be expected to commend itself to the Vatican. It is a teaching which has the distinguishing feature, and, as we think, the distinguishing merit, of being in direct contradiction to every article of the Syllabus; but for this reason it necessarily seems dangerous to those by whom the Syllabus was framed. The quarrel which has raged so long is, in its modern shape, one that cannot be healed. Its present ground could be cut away altogether if the State would own that, in trying to make German priests Germans in the sense in which the Government understands the meaning of the term, it is aiming at something impossible. But, so long as the ecclesiastical laws remain in force, courteous letter-writing cannot bring the POPE and the EMPEROR nearer together.

The Germans seem to trouble themselves but little as to the quarrel with the POPE, to which they are thoroughly accustomed, and to be enjoying the new sensation of seeing the destinies of the East decided in their capital. They have many famous persons to look at, and they can fill up the intervals of lion-gazing with the perusal of translations of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S novels. The obscurer portions of these works they will seize on as especially their own, as the more mysterious a thing is the better Germans understand it. The national pride must also be gratified by the position which Prince BISMARCK now occupies. Those who admire him most state with delight that he pushes the business of the Congress along as no one else could push it by a system of good-humoured bullying. Germans are aware how well Prince BISMARCK'S bullying, whether good or bad-humoured, has answered with them, and must feel a new kinship with the world when they find it answers equally well with the most eminent foreigners. The influence of Germany, whoever might be its representative,

must be very great from its military power and its geographical position, which enables it to reach every other of the leading Continental Powers. But this influence is very much increased when the representative is Prince BISMARCK; when he thinks an object is worth attaining, and that it is possible to attain it, he generally manages to attain it, not merely as the representative of Germany, but by sheer force of will. Peace is the object which he now thinks worth attaining; he considers it possible to attain it, and he is determined that it shall be attained. The Germans want peace, and Prince BISMARCK sees that they want it, and that they are right in wanting it. They reasonably dread a further prolongation of the present state of suspense and bad trade. The old French wish to fight for plunder, the desire to make a big territory larger, has as little place in the breasts of Germans as it can have in the breasts of any great people. A general scramble for pickings is quite out of harmony with German aspirations. They know themselves and their own rulers too well to have ever entertained the fantastic idea that Prince BISMARCK was determined to have a war in order that other nations might bleed themselves to death, and that then Germany might go looting about Europe without hindrance. But, although they might be sure that their representative would strive for peace, they naturally enjoy the mode in which their present representative pursues his and their aim. They resemble other people in liking the spectacle of force of character exercised on their side. Their PRINCE, too, works in such a characteristic way. His methods of dealing with the Congress appear to be three. When there are any signs of loitering his chronic illness reappears, and he threatens to go to a bath or die unless a more ardent desire for despatch is shown. When discussions seem likely to become warm, he gets up and goes away, so that the sitting is brought to a convenient close. Lastly, he establishes good humour by dilating to the English representatives on the enormous successes they have gained, and to the Russian representatives on the enormous successes they have gained, and explaining to them alternately how monstrous it would be, and how painful to him personally as an impartial critic, if such very successful people tried to push their success too far. Germans know their own Parliamentary history too well not to appreciate with keen amusement the display of arts with the exercise of which in a humbler sphere they have long been familiar.

Meanwhile preparations are being made for the coming elections, and Socialists are being prosecuted by hundreds. Prince BISMARCK is determined to win in the elections, and to have a majority that will do what he likes, and he is far too prudent to shirk trouble or to despise little things in the pursuit of a favourite object. He has, it is said, even thought the aid of the Jews in the elections worth purchasing, and in return for their promised assistance he undertook to befriend the Jews of Roumania and Servia. There seems little doubt that he will get the majority which he desires, although he has not chosen or has not found it possible to make terms with the Ultramontanes. His majority will enable him to pass such measures against the Socialists as he may think proper. But the Liberals, although they may now be defeated, are much too strong, and have much too good a case to advocate, to remain long in subjection. If there is a reign of terror now, there will be a reign of law some day. How it happens that there are now so many Socialists to prosecute is inexplicable. The offence for which they are prosecuted appears to be always the same. This offence consists in publicly expressing a regret that the intending assassins of the EMPEROR missed their mark. That Socialists are not very wise people was notorious; but it seemed incredible that even Socialists should be foolish enough to imitate each other in giving vent to an expression of feeling which immediately subjects them to arrest, and does no good to them or to their cause. But to the Government their indiscretion must be very convenient, as for the time it supplies a ready answer to the very difficult question, What is meant by a Socialist? It is very easy work punishing a man who chooses to deplore in public that the EMPEROR was not killed. What to do with Socialists who have passed such a stage of vulgar and brutal folly is a different matter. The literature of Socialism has no beginning and no end. We cannot say who started it or who is engaged in carrying it on, for there is a tinge of Socialism in a large part of all the literature of the century. The

Genevise are at this moment entertaining themselves with celebrating the centenary of ROUSSEAU'S death, and the usual declamations are being made in honour of the author of the *Social Contract*. Centenaries are perhaps the greatest nuisance invented by an age which has shown itself as prolific and ingenious in the invention of nuisances as in the invention of mechanical contrivances. But the centenary of ROUSSEAU'S death may serve the useful purpose of recalling to the minds of Germany that even a hundred years ago a man had made Europe ring with his fame, in whose writings almost every tenet of Socialism may be found embodied. Those who in England have taken this occasion to comment on ROUSSEAU and his works have rightly observed that the main result which ROUSSEAU accomplished, or aided to accomplish, was the introduction of feeling into politics, and that the feeling so introduced is partly democratic and partly religious. Any practical excesses to which this feeling gives rise may be, and ought to be, repressed; but the feeling itself cannot be repressed. It will be always showing itself in one way if it does not show itself in another. To guide, to moderate, and, when necessary, to withstand it is the duty and calling of statesmen, but to try to hunt it out of existence is to labour in vain.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS

THE Habitual Drunkards Bill, which has passed a second reading without a division, lies in a narrow compass. Persons who come within the definition of the Bill may contract to deprive themselves of their liberty for a time not exceeding twelve months. The Act, if it is passed, will enforce the agreement by remitting, if necessary, fugitives to Retreats from which they may have escaped. The only precedent quoted was that of the Lock Hospital, where, as it appears, inmates may in certain circumstances be detained against their will. As a general rule, liberty is by English law inalienable; and in almost all parts of the Continent the observance of monastic vows is no longer enforced by law. The confinement of lunatics is compulsory; but it is only permitted on certain conditions, in which the consent of the patient is not included. The House of Commons has thought it desirable to try an experiment which may hereafter be extended or withdrawn. An habitual drunkard is allowed the exceptional privilege of committing himself to custody for a year. There was no chance of passing the Bill in its original form. By the clauses which have now been omitted, Justices in Petty Sessions were authorized, on the application of the parent, husband, wife, relative, or guardian of any habitual drunkard, to apprehend him; and, with or without the verdict of a jury, as the case might be, to order his confinement in a Retreat for a period of not less than a calendar month and not more than a year. If the clauses had been retained, the term "relative" would perhaps have been so far restricted as not to include third or second cousins. The person accused might, if he thought fit, require that his case should be heard before a jury, which was accordingly to be summoned for the purpose. The framer of the Bill seems to have been unaware that up to the present time juries at Petty Sessions are unknown to the law.

Dr. CAMERON prudently conciliated his opponents by withdrawing the first set of compulsory clauses. Entrance into Retreats is to be wholly voluntary, but the other provisions of the original measure are retained. Two justices, or the Secretary of State on the report of an Inspector of Retreats whom he is to appoint, may at any time order the discharge of the drunkard. If the fitness of self-incarceration is admitted, the securities against abuse seem to be sufficient. If the Act should be found capable of operation, additional enactments will probably at some future time impose more stringent restrictions on the owners of Retreats. It appears that there are already five or six establishments of the kind, but the number of voluntary patients is not stated; and it is probably small. The managers complain of the difficulty of completing a cure, when those who have been under their care naturally leave the Retreat as soon as they find that the paroxysm of morbid craving for liquor is abated. It remains to be seen whether the number of applications will be diminished when it becomes impossible to submit to curative treatment for a shorter period than a year. Parliament is not disposed to provide Retreats at the public expense. The habitual drunkards who may be affected

by the provisions of the Act will belong to the upper and middle classes, inasmuch as they alone have the means of maintaining themselves in idleness. The much larger number of dipsomaniacs, as they are called, who are to be found among the poor will derive no advantage from the Bill. It would in fact be impossible to mix different classes in the Retreats. Every establishment of the kind will provide for the needs of persons accustomed to certain wants and to similar habits of life. It is generally agreed that occupation is one of the most important parts of curative treatment, and it must be extremely difficult to provide suitable employment for the inmates of a Retreat. It would be impossible to force incarcerated tradesmen or professional men to engage in manual labour; and, on the other hand, uneducated patients would not be amused by reading.

In proceeding against inmates who may have escaped from a Retreat, the interpretation clause may give rise to some difficulty. "Habitual drunkard means a person who 'by reason of intemperate drinking of intoxicating liquor' is dangerous to himself or others, or incapable of managing himself and his affairs." There are many habitual drunkards who are not dangerous to others, nor even to themselves, except when they incur a risk of breaking their necks. Where no actual violence has been used or threatened, and a man continues to transact ordinary business, it will be difficult to satisfy the conditions of the clause. It may, indeed, be said that an escaped captive must have acknowledged his own compliance with the terms of the Act; but, if he afterwards disputes the truth of his own former statement, he will not be bound by his admission. It may well be that he has not studied the Act, or that he is not competent to understand legal language. In some cases a puzzle analogous to that of EPIMENIDES the Cretan may arise. The habitual drunkard will perhaps plead that he was casually drunk when he applied for admission, and that his statements were therefore not deserving of credence. Proof that he was perfectly sober at the time might raise doubts as to his qualification for treatment intended for habitual drunkards. It would perhaps be judicious to enlarge the definition, so as to qualify for the benefits of the Act any person who is habitually drunk, even though he may be amiable in his cups, and though he is not in lucid intervals incapable of managing his affairs. Although the masculine gender is employed, the Act includes both sexes. Drunkenness is happily not so common among women as among men; but, when it prevails, it is more deleterious as well as more disgraceful. Weaker health, weaker nerves, and recklessness arising from more entire loss of self-respect, make the cases of drunkenness among women extreme and painful. They will feel the loss of liberty far less keenly than men; and when they have been for a time prevented from indulging in excess they will be perhaps more accessible to religious and moral considerations.

The statements as to the success of existing Retreats are contradictory; and in the United Kingdom the experiment has not been tried on so large a scale as to justify a confident opinion. In the United States there are several Retreats for Drunkards, some on a large scale; but it is seldom possible to ascertain American facts. Dr. BUCKNILL, who lately inspected some of the American Retreats, unhesitatingly condemns the entire system; but in estimating the value of his conclusions it is proper to remember that he deprecates a morbid anxiety about the welfare of drunkards, and that he regrets on their behalf that alcohol is not so effective a poison as it is supposed to be among temperance philanthropists. It is not surprising that the promoters of Retreats should question the authority of so hard-hearted a critic. They also allege that Dr. BUCKNILL has generalized too hastily from the abuses which prevailed in a defunct New York Inebriate Asylum, which is described in the local or national dialect as a part of the New York political machine. It is interesting to learn that the famous TWEED and his successors had not overlooked for their peculiar purposes even such institutions as Inebriate Asylums. They probably extracted money from the wealthier patients; or perhaps they provided comfortable quarters at the public expense for some of their own followers, who may have easily assumed and appropriately sustained the character of habitual drunkards. The New York political machine is universal suffrage organized to a point of ideal per-

fection. It may easily be believed that in the department of ebriety it is not less corrupt than in its legislative and administrative character. The managers and supporters of private asylums for drunkards which have escaped the patronage of the New York municipality confidently assert that they have done much good; and, even if they exaggerate their own success, their testimony is entitled to consideration. The New York State Legislature lately voted to the asylums with a significant fitness twelve per cent. of the proceeds of the money received for spirit licences. Dr. CAMERON cannot at present ask Parliament to be equally generous; but, if the Retreats prove to be successful, there will almost certainly be an agitation for providing the working classes with similar benefits, which can only be conferred at the public expense. An artisan or labourer who is forcibly prevented for a year from pursuing his usual occupation must be maintained at the expense of others; nor is it easy to devise any mode of providing for the expense except by an addition to the rates. It is indeed vaguely asserted that the Retreats will be self-supporting; but the experience of prisons shows that labour under similar conditions is unprofitable. The Bill will not justify sanguine expectations; but it is far from improbable that it may do perceptible good.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE CHURCH.

IN an article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says that English Liberals, in common with Continental Liberals, labour under one usual and grand error as to Catholicism. "This error consists in always regarding what is prodigious, mischievous, impossible in Catholicism rather than what is natural, amiable, likely to endure. . . . Whoever treats Catholicism as a nuisance, to be helped to die out as soon as possible, has both 'the imagination and the conscience of Catholics in just revolt against him.' We shall not now inquire how far this is true of English Liberals; but it is undoubtedly true of Continental Liberals, and most of all of French Liberals. Probably, if they were challenged, they would scarcely contest the charge. They would deny that in Catholicism there is anything natural, amiable, or likely to endure. They would maintain that, in treating it as a nuisance to be helped to die out as soon as possible, they are treating it as what it really is. They would say that, if by so treating it they put the imagination and the conscience of Catholics in revolt against them, they cannot help it. Such a revolt is a thing to be put down, not to be conciliated; there can be no *modus vivendi* between the Catholic Church and modern Liberalism. Language of this kind finds a ready echo on the Catholic side. The Ultramontanes feel it essential to their success that the Liberals should take this tone, and they are careful not to tempt them to abandon it by any withholding of provocation. Catholics and Liberals as they are represented in each other's newspapers are for the most part creatures of a distorted fancy. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Reign of Terror are severally taken as the types of commonplace Catholic and Liberal life. Only want of opportunity and the restraint of uncongenial surroundings prevent each, in the other's estimation, from reproducing those periods every day. That Catholics are not habitually using the dagger, that Liberals are not habitually sending victims to the guillotine, is only the result of circumstances; the dispositions of each party remain altogether unchanged. We do not say that there is no truth in this view. The vices of great parties have undoubtedly a tendency to reproduce themselves, and it would be rash to say that, if they had the power, either a French Ultramontane or a French Radical could be trusted not to make the expected use of it. The mistake on each side lies in mistaking the occasional for the habitual temper of the party—in supposing that they have no milder and more commonplace characteristics than those which they have displayed in great crises. The French Radicals have been persistently guilty of this blunder as regards Catholicism, and the Republic is likely, for a long time to come, to be the weaker from the consequences of it.

How great the gulf between the Republic and the Church has become may be judged from the entire omission of any religious ceremony from the national festival of last Sunday. In a celebration intended to mark the consolida-

tion of the Republic, and its acceptance by all parties as the recognized and permanent Government of France, no place was found for one of the greatest of French institutions, for one of the most conspicuous elements of French life. All that vast body of feeling which is evoked and controlled by religion was silent on Sunday. There was nothing in the ceremonial to appeal to it, nothing round which it could gather. Such patriotism as could be called forth by the unveiling of a statue, by the playing of the "Marseillaise," by the illumination of the Bois de Boulogne, was abundantly represented; but that more serious side of patriotism which is often found associated with religion, which in France in 1870 was more than once proved to be most surely called forth by religion, was left on one side. The Republicans might have taken a hint in this respect from their great enemy. NAPOLEON III. had probably little more regard for religion, at all events in the days of his prosperity, than they have, but he at least knew how to feign it. He knew how powerful an element the Church was in French society, and he did his best to win it over to his side. It may be said, indeed, that in order to do this he was forced to make concessions which no honest Republican could make, that in order to conciliate the Church he put down a Republic at Rome, and maintained the POPE for twenty years by French bayonets. But the service which NAPOLEON III. desired at the hands of the Church was very different from any service which the Republic can desire of her. He wanted to enlist the ecclesiastical power on his side as against all rivals, to make the Church distinctly and consciously Imperialist. The ecclesiastical ambition of the Republic would naturally and necessarily be restricted within far more moderate bounds. It would be enough if it could disarm all active ecclesiastical opposition; if it could bring the Church to regard it as a partner of whom it is necessary to make the best, as a Government which, though she would not have chosen it as matter of preference, she can yet accept cheerfully when it is imposed upon her without her choice. Wherever there is a Catholic Church Establishment—wherever, indeed, a very large number of its subjects belong to the Catholic Church—a Government can always make it worth the while of the Church to accord to it this amount of recognition. That such recognition was not accorded last Sunday, that the newly-instituted national festival was altogether dissociated from the national religion, that the churches were filled with worshippers more or less antagonistic to the manifestations going on outside, is probably due to the action of the State. That enthusiasm on the part of the clergy could have been secured we do not say, but the average religious feeling of the country would have been satisfied with something very far short of enthusiasm; and, provided that this average religious feeling had been satisfied, the Government would have gained all that is really important to it. The active, discriminating, zealous support of the clergy probably does a French Government more harm than good. People know that the Church gives nothing for nothing; and, if she gives a great deal, they rightly infer that she hopes to receive a great deal in return. To the great body of Frenchmen this is not at all an agreeable prospect. They do not want to be interfered with by the clergy, or to be made to do anything different from what they are accustomed to do; and, above all, they do not want to pay any more than they have been accustomed to pay. What they would like much better is to know that the Church thinks well enough of the Government—of its stability and permanence, that is to say—to keep on fair terms with it; and, consequently, that in supporting the Government they will not be exposing themselves to sneers or black looks from their more devout friends. At present they cannot feel assured of this. The clergy may miscalculate the strength of the Republic, and, no doubt, they often do make mistakes of this kind. But then they may turn out to be right this time, and the Republic may be weaker than people think. Uncertainties of this kind do not count for much, but they count for something; and if the Republican Government had been wise, it would have taken care not to incur a needless risk, however slight.

That it has not been wise is due to that "usual and grand error" of which Mr. ARNOLD speaks. The French Liberals have persuaded themselves that Catholicism is wholly made up of what is "prodigious, mischievous, impossible"; that it has nothing of what is "natural, amiable, likely to endure." Taking this view of it, their one notion of dealing with it is to crush and ex-

terminate it. They do not see that this is impossible, because they do not see what it is that gives Catholicism its strength. Tell them that it satisfies the religious instinct which is never long dormant in mankind, and they will contradict you on both heads. They will first deny the existence of the instinct, and then, hypothetically conceding its existence, they will deny that Catholicism can satisfy it—can, in fact, do anything but outrage it. This is the kind of feeling which a French Republican Government has to reckon with in its supporters; and it is not wonderful that, knowing this, it is very shy of seeming to favour the Church. The Government is wrong, because no amount of acquiescence in illusions will alter facts. Catholicism is not what the French Radicals think it, and there are millions of Frenchmen who know that it is not. Consequently, to act, in ever so slight a degree, as though it were what the Radicals paint it, puts a Government out of harmony with facts, and that is a discord which is sure to bring unpleasant consequences with it some time or other. The really stable Government for France would be a Government which could afford to be called clerical because it knew in its own mind that all it cared for was to give the clergy fair play. A little more determination to do right in disregard of consequences would be an additional element of strength in a Ministry which, but for its ecclesiastical weakness, would be the most stable that France has seen since the fall of the Empire.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

MR. GEORGE HOWELL, a clever and practised writer on combinations of workmen and on other subjects of the same kind, has published in the *Nineteenth Century* an account of the International Association, with comments on Secret Societies in general. As he justly remarks, the International Association, while it was one of the most revolutionary among similar organizations, was not a secret society. On the contrary, its members and managers were greedy of notoriety; and it was one of their habitual grievances that their agitation was but little noticed in the press. It may be doubted whether secret societies have during the present generation, or indeed at any other time, exercised any considerable political influence. The murderous associations which have long existed in Ireland have for the most part devoted themselves rather to murder and assault for agrarian purposes than to the attainment of political objects. They undoubtedly succeeded to a certain extent in intimidating landlords and agents; and when they meet a courageous opponent, such as the late Lord LEITRIM, they accomplish their threats by brutal assassination. Such societies are only to be found among semi-barbarous populations who are for the time neither ambitious nor capable of attaining large public objects. The Fenians who took advantage for their own purpose of the agrarian conspiracies never succeeded in even beginning a rebellion. They murdered a policeman at Manchester, they effected an explosion in a poor and populous neighbourhood in London, and they might, if circumstances had favoured their enterprise, have done some mischief at Chester Castle. Their crimes bore as small a proportion to the mystery which they affected as the exploits of the Jesuit plotters in *ETIENNE SUE'S* novel to their supposed mastery of the arts of conspiracy. The world is not ruled by vulgar cunning.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has, as Mr. HOWELL says, always exaggerated in speech and writing the importance of secret societies, and probably he has really regarded them with a certain amount of alarm. When Lord BEACONSFIELD pronounced novel opinions on such subjects as the Straits of Malacca or the National Debt, neither friends nor enemies suppose him to be in earnest; but he has been unusually consistent in his denunciations of secret societies, perhaps because they fascinate his imagination. Many years have passed since he asserted that Italy was honey-combed with secret societies; and two or three years ago he attributed the Russian intrigues in the Turkish provinces to similar agency. He had already filled the office of Prime Minister when he published in *Lothair* the imaginary preparations for the historical insurrection which was defeated at Mentana. His experience at Berlin will perhaps convince him that ambitious Governments and factions require no apparatus of

masks and passwords to induce them to break treaties and to plan conquests. It is not impossible that one or both of the two recent attempts to murder the German Emperor may have been contrived by secret associations. The actual perpetrators of such crimes find a substitute for conscience and morality in the subordination of their will to the rules of some voluntary association. A dull intellect is deluded by the easy process of splitting the responsibility of a crime into two. When a man promises to obey the commands of his leaders he is not immediately pledged to murder; and afterwards he becomes an assassin in compliance with a self-imposed duty. JACQUES CLÉMENT and RAVAILLAC were instigated by a more formidable secret society than the democratic clubs of the day. Their employers promised them an immediate reward in heaven for the danger which they incurred in the service of the Church. NOBILING, if he was carrying out the sentence of a Socialist brotherhood, sold his life cheaper; yet, if regicide were laudable, it might be admitted that secret societies offer great facilities for the performance of the duty.

MAZZINI, the most considerable personage who has in modern times relied on secret societies, began his career with unsuccessful plans of regicide. The more beneficial influence which he afterwards exerted depended on his eloquence and enthusiasm, and derived little support from his elaborate machinery of clubs. His principal merit was his proclamation of the unity of Italy as the main object of patriotic effort. He afterwards thwarted CHARLES ALBERT in his attempt to found an Italian kingdom; nor was he reconciled to VICTOR EMMANUEL and CAVOUR when they accomplished by other methods the task which he had proposed to himself. The only considerable achievement of MAZZINI in active life was the establishment of the short-lived Roman Republic in 1848, and the gallant and hopeless defence of the city against the French. It is extremely doubtful whether he derived any practical aid from the societies which he directed. In his later years he saw attempts to adopt a similar organization on the part of the Communists whom he indignantly denounced. He would probably not have sympathized with the ignorant fanatics who band themselves in some Russian provinces against government and civilization. It is remarkable that, although Freemasonry and Illuminism were greatly in fashion on the Continent in the latter part of the eighteenth century, no conspiracy of the kind seems to have had any connexion with the French Revolution. Demagogues find it better to appeal to the passions and prejudices of the multitude than to rely on pledges previously administered by mysterious emissaries.

MR. HOWELL is perfectly right in maintaining that secret organization flourishes only under a despotism. Englishmen are not foolish enough to whisper treason in dark cellars and garrets, when they may talk it with perfect impunity in public. In one sense, indeed, the operations of Trade-Unions are secret, because those bodies exclude strangers from their deliberations; but their formal resolutions are published, and the inflammatory addresses of the agitators who guide them are quoted out of doors. It is not known that the shameful outrages lately perpetrated by factory workmen in Lancashire were deliberately and secretly planned. Conspiracies for rattening and for the commission of similar crimes are necessarily secret. The artisans, as a body, appear to have shown little disposition to associate themselves for political purposes. The International Association, to which MR. HOWELL, from his familiarity with its obscure history, seems at one time to have belonged, was devised by its English and foreign founders for the purpose of raising wages. The foreigners, and especially the German revolutionist MARX, proposed to overthrow all existing institutions; while the English members, though they had no objection to political bluster, were originally and chiefly bent on securing themselves against the competition of cheap Continental labour. They had found by experience that their employers sometimes defeated strikes by importing workmen, and they wished to pledge their foreign associates to resist the temptation of English wages. The whole number of members appears to have been insignificant, and the Society could scarcely pay its modest expenses. The Congresses were held at Geneva or Lausanne. The reports of anarchical eloquence which frightened timid persons at home were written because delegates had no means of paying for their journey except by writing for newspapers which in the dead season were greatly in want of matter. The Society came to an

end when DR. MARX published in the name of the Council a Report in which the worst crimes of the Paris Commune were zealously defended. The English Internationalists learned from the reception of the document that no advantage was to be gained by shocking the feelings of their countrymen; and they had previously ascertained that the International would do nothing to encourage strikes or to raise wages. If the literary representatives of the working class may be trusted, English artisans appear to be proud of their preference for social and economical results over the vague schemes of Continental agitators. Wages are more intelligible and more solid than the rights of man. MR. HOWELL himself not long since published a work on Trade-Unions which contains much valuable information; but it is difficult to reconcile the statements of apologists with the circumstances of strikes. If the Lancashire employers may be trusted, the public communications of delegates are sometimes reasonable and argumentative, while the same leaders at meetings excite to the utmost of their power the passions of the workmen. The late outrages seem to indicate some similar mode of action. In such cases Trade-Unions partake of the vices of secret societies. It is not allowable to pursue legitimate ends by means which savour of conspiracy.

THE FARMERS AND COMPULSORY SLAUGHTER.

THE character of the cattle plague controversy has completely changed since the introduction of the Government Bill. The majority in favour of the second reading naturally tended to conceal this. It is not at this stage of a measure that a strong Government has to encounter any real difficulty in dealing with it. Many men who will oppose their leaders in Committee feel bound to stand by them in a division on the principle of a Bill. They say truly enough that they wish to see some sort of legislation on the subject, and that they are very willing that this legislation should go in the same general direction as that in which the Bill points. But they think that the Bill might be largely improved, and they do not feel bound to support their leaders in refusing to improve it. Of course the Government has always the power of saying that the particular improvement desired by these inconveniently independent supporters is no improvement at all; that, on the contrary, it takes out of the Bill all that is worth having; and that, if their followers choose to desert them, and make common cause with the Opposition, the effect will be just the same as though they had voted against the Bill in the first instance. But a Government is naturally shy of doing this, except in a matter of very great moment. No one likes to be coerced into voting even on the side on which, when left to himself, he usually votes.

In the case of the Animals' Diseases Bill the Government have gone out of their way to make their position difficult. They started with a definite and intelligible principle. The object of the Bill was first to isolate home-grown stock, and then to stamp out disease. The two halves of the community — producers and consumers — were appealed to for aid in bringing about this desirable result. Under the present system both suffer, and both have their compensation. The producer loses his cattle by disease; but then he is not subjected to any very annoying restrictions. The consumer pays more for his meat than he would pay if there were no disease in the country; but then, though the importation of foreign cattle is the occasion of disease, it prevents the price of meat from going up to that point which it would reach in the early days of prohibition. To the producers the Government said, Submit to our regulations and we will insure you against any further importation of disease from abroad. To the consumers they said, Give up your foreign supply and we will adopt such stringent measures against the disease already existing in the country that you will shortly feel the benefit of them in the shape of better filled markets, and consequently cheaper meat. Upon neither of these points is it possible for the Government to speak now with the confidence with which they could have spoken when the Bill was first brought forward. They have lessened the security which they promised to the producer, and they have lessened the security which they promised to the consumer. The one can no longer feel certain that the importation of disease will be prevented, the other can no longer feel certain that the extirpation of disease will be assured. The regulation providing for the

slaughter of all fat cattle at the port of landing, though it left open the question whether store and dairy cattle ought to have been admitted into the country, evidently aimed at giving the farmer absolute immunity against any future loss from this cause. The rule was harsh, for it undoubtedly provided for the slaughter of a large number of perfectly healthy animals, but it was efficacious because universal. There was no loophole left for evasion, no possibility of rechristening German cattle as Danish, no opportunity for letting an animal enjoy under one category the immunity which would have been denied to him in another. On the other hand, the consumer could cheer himself with the reflection that, if the extirpation of disease imposed a specific burden on him, he gained something in submitting to it. By and by there would be no disease left in the country, and by the time that this happy consummation had arrived the supply of meat would have so increased that its price must have gone down in proportion. There was a substantial fairness in the compact between producers and consumers which was likely to recommend itself to both. The farmers asked a great deal, but then they were ready to give a great deal in return for it. The consumers gave up a great deal, but then it was no more than would fairly repay the farmer for the sacrifices he was making in submitting to the inconvenient restrictions imposed by the Bill.

When the Bill left the Lords it had ceased to give security in either direction. The Government had yielded to the cattle-importing interest in the matter of the trade with Canada and the United States, and they had yielded to the farmers in the matter of the regulations designed to stamp out disease. They had done something to make things pleasant to each side, and in doing this they had very greatly weakened the case for the Bill. The consumer is now able to say, and has said many times in the course of the recent debate, that the relaxation of the restrictions imposed upon the home trade makes the eradication of disease at home a very long and doubtful business. The producer is able to say that, whether the restrictions imposed on the home trade in the present form of the Bill are efficacious or inefficacious, they are at all events quite as efficacious as a measure of compulsory slaughter from the operation of which American cattle are exempted. When the Bill gets into Committee, the Government are likely to hear a good deal more about the inconsistencies which they have allowed to be introduced into it. In the eyes of the producing interest all the changes are probably improvements. The farmers are exempted from many highly annoying restrictions; and, though the extirpation of disease is thereby prevented, yet, as the supply of foreign meat is lessened at the same time, they are gainers on the balance. If they will not have fewer diseased cattle, they will at least be able to sell those that are healthy on better terms. But a measure which has this result, and this result only, is undoubtedly a measure of simple Protection. The consumer who foregoes his supply of foreign cattle has a right to ask that the producer shall do everything in his power to make the supply of home cattle abundant and healthy. The policy which insists on compulsory slaughter at the same time that it refuses to stamp out disease in England is simply a policy of hindering production in order to keep up prices; and it is difficult to believe that this is a policy which will find acceptance with the representatives of boroughs, no matter on which side of the House they may sit. As has already been said, the fact that some of them have voted for the second reading of the Bill proves nothing as to what their vote will be when the decisive decisions have to be taken in Committee. Several of those who supported the Bill in the debate did so rather because it might be made a good Bill than because it is actually a good Bill at the present time. They treated the question of home regulation as essentially one to be settled in Committee, and they reserved to themselves the right of reconsidering their view as to the propriety of compulsory slaughter in the event of the effort to make the home regulations sufficiently stringent coming to nothing.

We are still of opinion, therefore, that the success of the Bill mainly depends on the correctness or incorrectness of Sir WALTER BARTELOT's belief that the farmers will not endure any more restrictions than such as are imposed on them by the Bill in its present form. If that is so, the opposition to compulsory slaughter will become very much more persistent and comprehensive than it has yet shown itself. Hitherto Parliament has only been asked to help men who

were ready to help themselves. The farmers were assumed to be specially anxious to get rid of the diseases which make such havoc among their flocks and herds. They did not mind what burdens they laid on themselves to effect this object so long as the end in view was not frustrated by the shortsighted refusal of the consumer to keep diseased cattle out of the country. Give them a guarantee that disease would not be re-imported from abroad, and they were willing to do their part in suppressing it at home. According to Sir WALTER BARTELOT, this pleasing willingness to meet the consumer half-way is altogether imaginary. The farmer's ideal of legislation on cattle disease is to make the consumer do his part in suppressing it, while stoutly refusing to do his own part. Apparently the changes introduced into the Bill in the Lords aim at realizing this ideal; and, if so, its supposed intention falls to the ground. It is no longer a Bill for stamping out disease in cattle; it is simply a Bill for making the existence of disease in cattle an excuse for protecting the farmer against the competition of foreign meat. The borough Conservatives may be prepared to put up even with this slight at the hands of the Government they love so well; but until the Bill has got safe out of Committee it is allowable to feel a doubt upon this point. Politics are seldom allowed to stand in the way of self-interest when the antagonism between the two is so patent as it is here. It will be strange if, as the discussion of the important clauses in Committee comes nearer, one borough member after another does not hint to the Ministerial Whip that it will be impossible for him to vote for compulsory slaughter unless he can assure his constituents that the regulations imposed on the home trade are sufficient to get rid of the existing disease. The Government will appear to singular disadvantage if they remain deaf to such a remonstrance as this. It is of no use to repudiate the charge of wishing to protect the farmer, if, after all, the farmer is left free to stamp out disease or not as he likes, and the only door that is closed against contagion is the door through which cheap meat comes to the consumer. If the statements made on both sides of the House during the late debate are true, and are allowed to remain true, we have been misled as to the nature and purpose of the Bill.

THE BISHOPS AT LAMBETH.

WE noticed an argument not long since to the effect that, if the Liberation Society did not make great haste in disestablishing the Church, the obnoxious body would grow past disestablishing from becoming so interesting. We apprehend that it is equally becoming terribly practical in a direct sort of way which must be peculiarly irritating to the patriots who have so long been discounting their shares in its residue. Its latest act will, we fear, exhaust the patience of its enemies, for it is committing the high offence of taking an unusual amount of trouble in an almost unprecedented fashion for the more efficient transaction of its domestic concerns. Ramifying as it does by offshoots and affiliated bodies over every quarter of the globe, it has taken upon itself, just as if it were some Oddfellows Society, to call together all the representatives of its governing class who cared to, or who could, come to London, to discuss neither the home nor the foreign policy of monarch or President, but, absolutely and without ambiguity, the means of strengthening and of extending its own institutions on its existing and recognised basis. Such very unheroic conduct is a sore trial to its sensational friends no less than to its melodramatic enemies. The Lambeth Conference declines either to be the author of any new Church or the confounder of an old one; while its contingent from the United States has come over with about as much desire to persuade the lordly prelates of the Establishment to seek the glorious liberty of the great Republic in which all sects are equal and unrecognized, as the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has to send his advice to President HAYES to include the recommendation of an Act of Uniformity in his next Message. We believe that the possible criticism on the proceedings of the Conference may be, that they do not show results adequate to the trouble and expense at which its members must have been put in coming together. This shortcoming, if it exists, will to be sure be chiefly interesting to the persons directly concerned; but we fancy that the answer would be that, as

in many other cases, the gauge of success counts quite as much in the proved possibility of the event as in the details which composed it. The Church of England in its widest sense is emphatically the representative of influence. It rules by influence, and influence moulds its rulings. It exists all over the world under the most varied internal conditions. In England it is an estate of the realm and a powerful factor in the daily life of the nation. In Scotland it reappears as a dissenting sect, comparatively scanty in numbers, but powerful by the social position of its members and the culture of its teachers. In Ireland it is to be found in the peculiarly Irish condition of a body virtually re-established (though with stunted revenues and diminished pomp) by the very Act which purported to disestablish it. In the United States and in the Colonies generally it is neither dissenting sect nor Establishment, but one of an unlimited number of co-ordinate religious bodies. Yet, in spite of all these apparent differences, each section finds itself at one with the others on such broad questions as organization, belief, and general scheme of worship. This is no doubt very provoking for the high legal theorizers who refuse to accept the Church of England except in the shape of a creation of municipal law, and who declare themselves unable to conceive any bond of union which has not been positively enacted. As, however, the people who would be the first to notice the absence of any such connecting link are fully persuaded of its existence, we can but conclude that, although it has no claim to existence, yet the proof of that existence is in its presence.

It seems like retailing truisms to insist upon the infinite variety of conditions under which the administrators of such a system are compelled to fulfil duties often differing in kind rather than in degree. But it is necessary to realize and work out, and not merely to apprehend, the fact, in order to grasp not only the reason why the Lambeth Conference has been convoked, but the process by which it can healthily fulfil its accruing duties. It is a trite remark with those who know how the House of Commons really transacts its affairs, that a large portion of its business—totally unknown to the public, and incapable of measurement—is whispered out by little knots of members up and down the lobbies. The same fact must, far more emphatically, stand true of a gathering of men brought together from the ends of the earth, not to sit on opposite sides of a floor and follow the Whip, but every man for himself, with a like sense of responsibility, to advise and be advised. The best host is the man who most cleverly introduces his guests to each other; while, with such a body as the general Anglican Church, an introduction all round is well worth the expenditure of time and means necessary to compass the result. No bargain may then and there be struck between new acquaintances, but the process of friendly shaking together imperceptibly begets confidence, and smooths the way to the future inception of profitable business.

Different parties in what agitators are fond of terming our Zion are busy forecasting the gains which they expect to secure from the Conference. The Liberationists, in particular, speculate upon the sapping process to which they believe the old citadel of the Establishment will be subjected from these Ghooorkas of the free Churches whom it has recklessly invited into the privileged domain. We are satisfied that the grievance-mongers will find themselves thoroughly astray in their calculations. No doubt the experience of unestablished Bishops struggling for great ends with scanty means will be tonic and instructive to their compeers at home, who know themselves to be virtually as unestablished, and practically as impecuniose, at so many points of their teeming sees. But there is something to be learned and treasured on the other side. Those unestablished Bishops know how powerful is the support—all the more powerful because so often indirect—which they receive from the stately relative at home. It is the old story, very familiar in novels, and yet frequently to be found in real life, of the big house which has sent off its younger sons to fight their way across the sea. They value their own independence; but they would struggle to the death to keep up the old manor, which is to themselves so often a harbour of rest. The self-sustaining churches are not merely indebted to home for the hard cash. Endowment has bred learning and culture, of which they know themselves to be reaping the fruits. The theology of Oxford and Cambridge nourishes the teachings of Australia, Canada, and South Africa no less than

of Minnesota and Nebraska. The architects of London build the churches which serve for the congregations of those far-off regions, or else furnish models which may be copied with a pardonable breach of copyright. Fantastical innovators are easily put to silence by the observation that, if they persist in seeking out quagmires for the pasturage of their bewildered flocks, the shepherds at home will leave the silly sheep to scramble out as best they may.

Some prosaic theorizers have devised an opinion that the reliance of the independent communities upon England might be regulated and strengthened by declaring that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY was a Patriarch, and Lord PENZANCE, we suppose, family lawyer all round. This would simply be one of those stupid devices by which matter-of-fact pedants are so prone to spoil delicate arrangements which are valid in proportion to the silence with which they are accepted. Such a suggestion would breed the maximum of inconvenience on every side. It could not be pressed without stirring up all the pugnacity inherent in men who have had to fight (however succoured) for their position, and if it were carried it would hopelessly embarrass the position of the Church of England and its dignitaries in England. That body, in those legal and external conditions in which it is brought into direct contact with the civil polity, exists—now that Ireland has been withdrawn—as the spirituality of two provinces which are generally conterminous with England and Wales. To be sure co-operation with the other churches of the same communion has been made possible by various measures of wise legislation, and the Establishment can give and take bishops, priests, and deacons to and from them. But the general framework is unchanged. If, however, the Primate of All England were once formally invested with a more than Primatial dignity over all the quarters of the world, susceptibilities would be roused and questions asked which would more probably be answered to the disadvantage of the Primacy than to the exaltation of the Patriarchate. The true controlling and regulating influence which the old Church of England ought to retain over the new Churches of the Colonies and the United States resides in its own hereditary and long-garnered advantages, and in the public opinion that those younger members of the family can only continue to enjoy the benefits of participation in the ancestral store by cherishing the affection which is consistent with self-respect, and the deference which springs from good feeling and reason.

IRISH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION.

THE Irish Intermediate Education Bill is an honest endeavour to supply Ireland with an article which she really wants, and which nothing but the absurd prejudices of Englishmen has prevented her from attaining before now. The last ten or fifteen years have exhibited the Imperial Government and the Imperial Parliament in an aspect which is singularly unamiable and singularly foolish. They have been bent upon educating Irish Catholics in a way in which Irish Catholics have been equally determined not to be educated. This is the unamiable part of the business. But they have also been blind to the fact that the only result of this endeavour has been that Irish Catholics have remained uneducated. This triumph at least it has been given to Parliament and the Government to achieve, and the folly has been in supposing that this was the lesser evil of the two. When the fact that Irish Catholics do not go to the Queen's Colleges is pointed out, and the moral drawn that it would be better to give them a University to which they can go, the monstrous character of Ultramontane teaching is insisted on, and we are asked indignantly whether that is the teaching we wish the Irish people to receive at the hands of University professors. We answer, Yes, and for two reasons—one, that it is better that they should be taught these monstrous doctrines by professors than that they should be taught them by the clergy; the other, that it is better that they should be taught them as part of a liberal education than that they should learn them without any such alloy. The want of such an education, secondary and higher, as Irish Catholics will accept, has not made them less Ultramontane, it has only made them uneducated instead of educated Ultramontanes. If English Liberals think that anything has been gained by the exchange, they can have but a poor opinion of a liberal

education. On their own theory they ought to believe that every piece of genuine knowledge, every process of genuine mental training, makes the man who possesses or undergoes it a more enlightened man than he was before. He may be no nearer to being a Liberal after the received English type, but he is a degree nearer to being whatever he is in an intelligent manner. In so far as he is this, he is easier to argue with and easier to deal with, more likely to judge you and your policy fairly, less led away by wholly wrong notions of what you want him to do or what you want to do to him.

If the Irish University question had been settled on any of those various occasions when it has come before the Imperial Parliament, there would perhaps have been no need for an Intermediate Education Bill. Where there is a really popular University—a University, that is, which the nation trusts and values—there will seldom be wanting schools to feed the University. Parents who value education will make large sacrifices to obtain it for their sons, when it is to be had by making sacrifices. They will see that the benefits of the University are not to be enjoyed without some previous training, and their known anxiety to give their sons this previous training will create schools and teachers capable of giving it. It is true, of course, that, if there are no exhibitions to be enjoyed by boys before going to the University, there will be many parents too poor to bear the cost of keeping their sons at school during the years of necessary preparation. But it is very doubtful whether there is much to be gained by tempting this class of parents to send their sons to a University. With them the motive is necessarily to get out of the class in which they have been born; and, though it is clearly wrong to put any obstacles in the way of this kind of ambition, it is another question whether it is wise to foster it by State subsidies. In Ireland, however, the stimulus of a University has been wanting, and the result is visible in the absence of any good system of secondary education. Lord CAIRNS showed in his speech in introducing the Bill that, if the object of the English policy on this question had been to dwarf the intellectual growth of the country altogether, its success had been complete and remarkable. Boys do not go to school in Ireland after they have passed the age at which they go to the elementary schools, and one reason why they do not is that there are no schools for them to go to.

If this Bill were approached in the spirit which characterized Mr. Lowe's speech on the O'CONNOR DON's motion the other day, it would be welcomed as containing in itself a virtual solution of the University difficulty. That difficulty, he said, is in itself so insurmountable that it is a waste of time to approach it in front. But, though nothing can be done to create a University, a great deal may be done in the way of founding exhibitions to be enjoyed at a University. This is what the State can do for Irish Roman Catholics. It can put so much a year into their hands and pack them off to choose for themselves a University at which to spend it. The present Bill is an application to secondary education of a principle closely resembling that which Mr. LOWE wishes to see followed in University education; and as Mr. LOWE's application of it seems to us altogether impracticable, it is necessary to show why the same objection does not lie against the intermediate education project. If it is useless to found exhibitions to be enjoyed at any University which the holder of them may select, why is it less useless to found exhibitions to be enjoyed at any school which the holder's parents may select? The answer is very simple. The process proposed is likely to create what is wanted in the one case, and is not likely to create it in the other. In Ireland, at this moment, there are neither Catholic schools nor Catholic Universities. A million of money might probably be spent in founding exhibitions to be enjoyed at a University with no large visible result. The holder of the exhibition would have no means of performing the condition attached to it. If an Irish Catholic wishes to go to a Roman Catholic University, where is he to find one? There are none in Ireland; and to go to a foreign University adds to the expense, and may, for anything he can tell to the contrary, do him no good afterwards. It may be objected that, under these circumstances, a Catholic University would arise in Ireland capable of giving him all that he wants. But the creation of a University is a serious piece of work, and when it is created what assurance is

there that it will obtain a charter from the Crown? Irish Catholics have sought such a charter without success before now, and, if the reasons alleged for refusing it were good for anything at the time, they are equally good now. The work of setting up a secondary school is a mere trifle by the side of the establishment of a University. It is a task that may safely be left to private enterprise, provided that private enterprise has sufficient inducements to undertake it. The inducement which leads men to set up schools is the hope that scholars will come and attend them, and Lord CAIRNS's Bill seems to provide this inducement.

Such opposition as the Bill meets with will probably come from objectors to Denominational education, and their dislike to it is so far well founded that Denominational education is likely to get the lion's share of the endowment. The holders of Exhibitions will come from Roman Catholic schools to win them, and carry them back to Roman Catholic schools when they are won. But if they do not do so, the Bill will contribute nothing towards the improvement of intermediate education in Ireland. Catholic parents will not send their children to Protestant or secular schools for a bribe of 20*l.* a year. The question of a Conscience Clause stands on a different footing. There can be no reason why the State should not insist on the benefits of its endowments being extended to the largest possible number of persons. To be compelled to abstain from teaching religion directly to boys who are being brought up in a different creed is not a very terrible hardship. Of course even a Conscience Clause requires to be worked with moderation and common sense. It would be unreasonable to expect a Roman Catholic school to remove every trace of its religion from the walls because a stray Protestant scholar had happened to present himself. The religious atmosphere of a school will remain unaltered no matter what change the outward fabric may undergo, and if a parent chooses to send his son to a school belonging to a different religion from his own, he has only himself to thank. What he has a right to be protected from is direct attempts at proselytism, and against these a Conscience Clause does afford a reasonable degree of protection. The only other objection of any weight that has been brought against this Bill is that it will exclusively benefit the middle class. In theory, no doubt, the Irish Church, like every other established church, was the Church of the poor; but in practice it had wandered so far from this position that to object to some of its surplus funds being applied to a purpose from which those a little above the very poor will derive benefit seems to argue rather a wish to find fault than a genuine jealousy for the rights of indigence.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF FICTION.

WE lately remarked, when speaking of Gaboriau's very ingenious story of *L'Affaire Lerouge*, that even this writer, careful as he was with regard to details, on which indeed much of the interest of his novel depended, had not been able altogether to avoid discrepancies such as may usually be found in elaborate works of fiction. There can be no doubt that Gaboriau must have taken very great pains to make this, the best of his romances, consistent, and that on the whole it is so; but yet an attentive reader will discover that in one or two cases the author's skill was at fault. So in *La Corde au Cou*, the plot of which was clearly thought out with great care, there are some inconsistencies due to mistakes of the writer, and not at all like the inconsistencies often to be found in narratives of actual life; and it is perhaps not possible always to keep clear of these errors in what is apparently thought the simple work of linking together the incidents of a story. Works of fiction are now produced in quantities which increase every year, and as—judging from what is written and from what it must be presumed is read—the common opinion appears to be that anybody who can write a page more or less grammatically is fit to compose a novel, it may not be uninteresting to show how extremely difficult it is to do well what seems to be thought so easy, and to produce a thoroughly consistent story, especially if the incidents are many. For it may safely be asserted that such are the inherent difficulties of writing fiction, of devising a series of imaginary occurrences which shall all harmonize in the same way that facts necessarily harmonize, as to make it sometimes well-nigh impossible, even for writers of the highest power, whom it seems almost irreverent to suspect of forgetfulness or carelessness, to avoid contradiction and error. No doubt this may seem an overstatement. Most people will probably think that in their favourite books no flaws are to be found, and that all is as self-consistent as in true records. Space does not allow us to analyse a series of books; but, to show the difficulty of making an imaginary tale

harmonious throughout, we will take, not, indeed, the works of Gaboriau or of any modern novelist, but of an earlier writer who has generally been thought unrivalled, if not unapproached, in the power of giving to fiction the semblance of absolute truth. If Defoe could err, where can freedom from error be looked for? and that Defoe did err not a little in his most famous book is not very difficult to show. Robinson Crusoe sometimes forgot statements which he had made in the course of his narrative—occasionally forgot them, strange to say, a very short time after making them. It may be said that Defoe carried his art so far as to imitate the inaccuracies which would be natural in a narrative extending over many years. This argument would be a perfectly fair one; but it is to be feared that some of Robinson Crusoe's slips can hardly be accounted for by this supposition.

It is the barest truism to say that wonderful attention to minute detail causes much of the interest that is always felt in a book which is perhaps read earlier and remembered longer than any other. Everybody has been interested in the account of the manifold contrivances by which Crusoe made himself so comfortable in his island; but, marvellously ingenious as they are, the details of the story sometimes clash. Curiously enough, Defoe even makes an error in describing the means which Crusoe had at first for describing the incidents of his solitary life. Just after recording the erection of the post on which the days were recorded by notches, Robinson Crusoe says that he has hitherto omitted to mention some things which in his several voyages he brought from the wreck, "as, in particular, pens, ink, and paper"; yet in the next paragraph he audaciously makes the following statement:—"I now found I wanted many things, notwithstanding all that I had amassed together, and of these that of ink was one; as also spade, pick-axe, and shovel to dig or remove the earth." He is guilty of an equally fatal slip in speaking of the killing of the goat, which has interested almost every boy who could read, and would indeed have been a very important incident to a real castaway, as showing how food was to be obtained. In the part of the book which precedes the journal Robinson Crusoe describes very minutely the manner in which he stalked and shot the goat, and how the kid stayed by the body, and adds:—"When I carried the old one with me upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my inclosure; upon which I laid down the dam and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale." Here everything is very precise; but, alas! in the journal, where all the dates are given, it appears that the goat was killed on October 31st, when Robinson Crusoe had been a month on the island, and that the pale of posts and cables, of which so much is said in the book, was not begun until January 3 in the next year. It is also curious that this fence or pale, surrounding that enclosure which, with its tent and adjacent cave, has seemed to so many boys a kind of earthly paradise, is described in the journal as having been begun on the day just mentioned, and finished on April 14th, in sad contradiction to the statement which Crusoe makes in a preceding passage, where, after complaining in the words already quoted that he had no spade or pickaxe, he says:—"This want of tools made every work I did go on heavily, and it was near a whole year before I had finished my little pale or surrounded habitation," going on to describe the time and labour which were required for cutting, carrying home, and driving in the piles or stakes. A still more curious slip occurs when he speaks of taking fish, for he says that he had a long line of rope yarn, but no hooks; and yet, in the same sentence, he states that he frequently caught fish enough, without in the least indicating how he did it. Defoe probably meant to describe some contrivance, but could not think of anything at the moment, and forgot to supply the deficiency. Another mistake is made when the solitary hero is telling of his return home after his journey to a part of the island remote from that on which he had made his dwelling-place. He says that when he came home he "contemplated with great pleasure" the fruitfulness of the valley he had just visited and "the pleasantness of the situation," coming to the conclusion that he had fixed his abode in the worst part of the country; so he adds naturally enough, "Upon the whole I began to consider removing my habitation, and to look out for a place equally safe as where I now was, situate, if possible, in that pleasant, fruitful part of the island. The thought ran long in my head, and I was exceedingly fond of it for some time." He goes on to say, however, that he determined to remain in his abode on account of its being by the sea-side, so that if any sailors should be, like himself, cast away on the coast, he might see them. All this is of course just like a true record, but it is, unfortunately, inconsistent with the statement made by him a little later in the narrative, where, after saying he was surprised to find that he had taken up his lot on the worst side of the island, and that food was more plentiful on the other, he continues:—"I confess this side of the country was much pleasanter than mine, but yet I had not the least inclination to remove; for as I was fixed in my habitation, it became natural to me," the charms of home now taking the place of the hope of seeing other human creatures. Another mistake occurs where he is made to speak of the religious thoughts which came over him; and this is the more remarkable because Defoe had obviously given great attention to this part of the book. Robinson Crusoe, it may be remembered, when ill from the ague, has a dream which frightens him much, and in telling of his feelings on awaking he says:—"I had, alas, no divine knowledge; what I had received by the good instruction of my father was then worn out by an uninterrupted

series (for eight years) of seafaring wickedness," "and I was all that the most hardened, unthinking, wicked creature among our common sailors can be supposed to be; not having the least sense, either of the fear of God in danger, or of thankfulness to God in deliverances." It is strange that Defoe, when writing this impressive passage, should have forgotten that he had made Crusoe say, after describing the manner in which he was first washed on shore, that directly he found himself safe he began to look up and thank Providence that his life was saved.

Men are, however, not always consistent when they speak of these grave subjects, and it may be said that the other errors which have been pointed out are not greater than such as might be found in a real narrative, inasmuch as people when recounting the facts of their lives are apt to mix up dates and to be forgetful in other ways. But it may be doubted whether this argument would apply to some at least of the mistakes which have been mentioned. That respecting the ink, for instance, would hardly have been made by Alexander Selkirk if he had been capable of recording what happened to him. A man who had been left in utter solitude would recollect whether at first he had ink to write with or not, and at all events could not produce a journal after saying that ink was wanting to him. Yet if this and the other inconsistencies of which we have spoken are put aside as not being greater than those which might be found in records based on truth, the same can hardly be said of the mistake which was surely made in not accounting for the absence of any other footprints near that famous one which so alarmed Robinson Crusoe, or of a singular and almost comic discrepancy which occurs in the description of the battle with the savages. As the reader need hardly be told, these had with them a white man, whom they had made prisoner, and kept fast bound. After giving an account of the rout of the savages, Robinson Crusoe says:—"I cut the flags which tied the hands and feet of the poor creature, and, lifting him up, asked him in the Portuguese tongue what he was? He answered me in Latin *Christianus*; but so very weak and faint that he could scarce stand or speak." A dram of rum and a piece of bread were, however, sufficient to infuse such strength into him that, on receiving a sword and pistol from Crusoe, and being told to do what he could, "he did so with such courage and intrepidity that he cut two of them to pieces in an instant (the savages not having in their power to fly for their lives)." Now, how a man almost unable to stand or speak from exhaustion could be so invigorated by a little rum and bread as to be forthwith strong enough to cut in pieces a couple of tough savages passes comprehension. Mere inaccuracy and forgetfulness, such as are often to be found in real narratives, would not produce a marvel of this kind, and the curious error is a strong proof of the difficulty of avoiding in fiction mistakes which would never be made by one who was trying to describe what he had himself witnessed.

It is hardly necessary to say that the contradictions in *Robinson Crusoe* have been spoken of without any intention of attempting to depreciate that wonderful work, which indeed as a whole is almost above attack. As we said at the outset, our object in pointing out the mistakes in this ever popular story has been to show the immense difficulty of writing consistent fiction, from the fact that in one of the best fictions ever written several discrepancies are to be found.

ATHLETIC EXAMINATIONS.

MR. TREVELYAN'S position has been turned. It will be remembered that not long ago Mr. Trevelyan had a glimpse of the motives which rule the Eastern policy of the Government. The stupid sires of stupid sons were eager for war, in order that their idiot progeny might sink into the naval service without being troubled by competitive examinations. We only try to state the general bearing of Mr. Trevelyan's discovery, without pledging ourselves to the accurate reproduction of his language. Only a kind of *forsepar*, as the Icelanders say, or supernatural sharpness, like that of the hero of George Eliot's *Lifted Veil*, could have enabled the keenest politician to see so far through the unlifted veil of Conservative statesmanship. The prophecy seemed unlikely to be fulfilled, and war appears even further off than it did some months ago. The inveterate, the malignant hatred of examinations still no doubt exists, and a new way of pushing the stupid offspring of squires has been discovered. The sacred instrument of competitive examination, the palladium of the Chinese constitution, is itself likely to be seized and perverted to new misuse. It has been proposed to examine candidates for commissions in strength of body as well as in strength of mind. As soldiers, after all, need muscular and constitutional vigour even more than mental grace and dexterity, there seems nothing very absurd in the doctrine that, other qualifications being equal, the stronger men should be preferred. On the other hand, it may be argued that a dead level of intellect does not exist, and that even the grain of wit which takes an extra ten marks should be preferred by examiners to the legs which can carry their owner over a hundred yards in ten seconds.

Whether marks should or should not be given for physical accomplishments, there can be no doubt that the Report of the Joint Committee of the War Office and the Civil Service Commissioners is a curious and not a very satisfactory document. The Committee seem to have begun their labours with the full belief that in military examinations marks should be given for jumping,

running, and so on. When they tried to give systematic arrangement to their ideas they were checked by difficulties, some of which they perceive, while others, though obvious enough, do not give them much trouble. It is an easy thing to say that a soldier should be strong, but there are various kinds of strength; there is constitutional vigour and endurance on one side, and athletic skill on the other, and these two forms of excellence are not always found in combination. Which sort of strong man is to get the marks—he who will live through a campaign, and pass nights on frozen Balkans or on stifling plains without losing heart and vigour, or he who can run three miles in 15 m. 35 sec.? How are you to discover the constitutionally strong man? and how are you to test the accomplishments of the athletes under examination? These are problems that arose before the Committee almost as soon as their investigations began.

At first the Committee found all things work together in favour of the manly sports in which the barbarians of this land chiefly excel. "They addressed a confidential circular to the heads of three great military establishments, and of eighteen of the principal public schools, inviting an expression of their opinions both on the general scope of the proposal and on the details of a plan for carrying it into effect." Probably most of the heads of the eighteen public schools rejoiced and were glad when they heard of the new scheme. For some reason or reasons which the world can only guess at, head-masters are disposed to encourage cricket, football, and so on. We believe them to have discovered that without these sports many boys will pass their play-hours in lounging, gluttony, and even in surreptitious smoking and other vices. Anything is better than that boys should be "loafers," and the distinctions attached to cricket and football incite even lazy lads to activity. The British parent, however, does not always see things in this way, and argues that his son would at last work his way out of the Lower Fifth if he were not in the school Eleven. Now the fact is that the youth has reached the limit of his intellectual tether in the work of the Lower Fifth. If he were not studying combinations of twists and break-backs he would be doing something worse, and he may just as well make himself useful and win athletic crowns for his school till the day comes when he is superannuated. The reputation of schools at present depends on combined success in winning matches and scholarships, and schoolmasters are well aware of it. They were therefore likely to welcome the proposals of the Committee, which promise to make wind and muscle a profitable as well as a pleasant and glorious possession. If parents could be made to understand that the winner of the Crick or the Penpole run was really preparing himself to score hundreds of marks in an examination, parents would take different and more genial views of rapid excursions in the direction of Penpole Point and of Crick. Perhaps schoolmasters reasoned thus; at all events they seem to have encouraged the Committee.

The Radical critic who keeps a sharp eye on the dodges of an athletic aristocracy must now note and bewail a subtle device of the Committee. It is obvious that the stalwart youth of the honest and frugal middle classes is likely to score marks in "constitutional health and vigour." His ancestors cannot be shown to have lingered over the dice and the wine-cup, and so on; indeed nothing can be shown about them at all in many cases. On the other hand, the scion of a luxurious nobility has been taught to excel in the barbarous feats of his order. Though it may not be easy to say anything about his constitutional health and vigour, still he is "iron-jointed, supple-sinewed," like the prospective posterity of the hero of *Locksley Hall*, and he most certainly never pores "over miserable books." The intelligent youth of the middle classes, on the other hand, is not a born equestrian, nor an agile leaper, and, if things are to be done with fairness, his presumed vigour should be set off against the accomplishments of his oppressors. Now the Committee almost admit this. "Assuming it to be desired that marks should be given for physical qualifications, we had to consider to what qualities those marks should be attached; and, first of all, whether they should be awarded partly for constitutional health and vigour, or estimated after personal examination by a board of medical examiners, or only for activity and adroitness as displayed in the performance of specific exercises." The Committee had great difficulty in determining this point. It did not seem fair, they say, to neglect general bodily health, and it was pointed out to them that the student, if tempted to assiduous practice in running and jumping, might over-train himself, become "stale," and injure his constitution. In spite of these objections the Committee determined to recommend that marks should be given for activity and adroitness alone. "It was felt that in any general estimate of a candidate's health and strength, formed even by experienced medical officers, there must be room for considerable differences of opinion, affecting the competition with an element of uncertainty which it is important as far as possible to exclude." Now there is very little uncertainty about a hurdle race or a three-mile race. The judicious persons who stand by the tape at Lillie Bridge might be trusted to give a fair and sound opinion in the closest finish. The Committee therefore are all for sports; but there are some sports which they do not advocate. "It was obviously necessary to set aside as unsuitable for the particular purpose in hand, all those sports of which the essence consists in personal contest; those in which there would be danger of injury from overstraining; and, for the present at least, those in which the competition would occupy much time, or otherwise would present any considerable practical difficulties."

The conditions here suggested by the Committee really seem to

exclude all athletic contests known to civilized men. One might have fancied that the Pancration, in which boxing and wrestling were combined, was a proper exercise for men who seek commissions in "bear-fighting" regiments. Boxing and wrestling, however, are essentially "personal contests," so they are out of the question. Running, again, is a "personal contest" surely, and in running there is "danger of injury from overstraining." No one who saw a certain dead-heat in the three-mile race run in a snow-storm between Oxford and Cambridge some six years ago will deny either of these propositions. The Oxford competitor managed to fall over the tape as his adversary breasted it, in spite of a strained sinew and imperfect training. The Committee could hardly have taken events of this sort into consideration when they made running an essential part of the proposed examination. Perhaps it was to "avoid straining" that they discountenanced "putting the stone." Throwing the hammer, again, certainly occupies much time, and the Committee wisely reject that tedious performance. They favour swimming, though there is no greater "danger of injury from overstraining" in any competition than in the long dive. The "leaping" is not to include pole-jumping, we presume, for bad accidents happen when the pole chances to break, and the gymnastics are probably to be of that new sort in which peril of harm from overstraining is judiciously avoided.

Though the Committee wish to introduce into military examinations six forms of athletic exercise, they do not allow any pupil to take up all the six branches. They recommend that "competitions should be held under the following six heads:—(1) Riding, (2) walking, (3) running, (4) leaping, (5) swimming, and (6) gymnastics. The maximum of marks—1,200—is to be attainable by complete proficiency in any three out of the six events on the examiners' card. To examiners, as well as to boys, the ideas of the Committee must be grateful. Examinations have been dull work for all concerned. It is tedious employment wading through hundreds of English essays, papers on grammar, arithmetic, French composition, history. No one would sit for eight hours a day hearing passmen and asking them questions for amusement, though every now and then the passman's replies are droll enough. The suggestions of the Committee point to a very different kind of labour. Instead of musty "schools," the open field will see passmen in flannels, and examiners, as stewards of the course, gay with coloured ribbons, and busy with tapes, measures, and so on. They will arrange the heats in the short races and put up the bar when the unsuccessful jumper kicks it over. The excitement of a close finish will compensate them for the dreary work of drawing distinctions between essays and papers on a dead level of mediocrity. As many learned men who now examine in the military competitions know nothing of manly sports, a new class of examiners will be called into existence. We cannot all be Mahaffys or Admirable Crichtons, and the athletic examinerships will prove pleasant and remunerative posts just suited to the wants of young members of the upper classes. At schools, too, athletic masters, always esteemed, will be more than ever in demand. Presidents of the athletic clubs will rank with the pale student who takes the composition of the sixth form. It is all very well for the Committee to argue that the athletic competitors will only decide between the claims of the hundred lads or so who are all on a level in intellect. Even granting this, athletes will be more popular and receive more patronage than ever; and, seriously, it may be contended that they are too much favoured already. The proposed contests will be found difficult to manage, and are likely to irritate "that confounded intellect" which watches jealously over its beloved machine, "competitive examination." Macaulay would have disliked this degradation, had he lived; and, as bicycle competitions are not introduced, we fear that Mr. Lowe will not think well of this new development of the system of "marks."

THE LINCOLNSHIRE ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY AT GRIMSBY.

THE Architectural Society of the Diocese of Lincoln is wise in fixing its annual meeting early in the season. The long carriage excursions which are the chief features of these provincial gatherings are never so enjoyable as in the leafy month of June, when the foliage is fresh, and the pastures are golden with buttercups, and the roadsides are bright with wild flowers, and the hedges are garlanded with wild roses flinging their perfume on the cool summer air. Under such circumstances even the flat featureless country in the neighbourhood of Grimsby, which has this year been the gathering-place of the Society, wears an attractive dress, and loses its ordinarily depressing character. The district traversed last week certainly is flat—flat with exceeding flatness. Although the route taken skirted the Wolds—the Pennine range of Lincolnshire—there was no attempt to scale these heights, save at one point, between Riby and Limber, where a short sharp ascent was honoured by the whole cavalcade halting, and the party, bishops and all, performing the ascent on foot. But the villages are mostly pretty, the churches are as a rule interesting; and as the weather was perfect and the genial influence of the episcopal heads of the excursion—the Bishop of Lincoln and his suffragan brother of Nottingham—pervaded the whole party, every one was disposed to be pleased, and there was perhaps more real enjoyment than on some more attractive expeditions.

Grimsby was, as we have said, the place of meeting. But, as seems to be the rule on these occasions, the first object on getting to Grimsby appeared to be to get out of it again, and to spend as little time there as possible. Nor was this altogether unreasonable; for Grimsby, though one of the oldest and most historic towns in England, offers little save its grand cruciform church to interest the archaeologist. Those who lingered behind might find enough to occupy their attention for more than a single day in its busy quays and vast docks, crowded with shipping bringing cargoes of timber from the Baltic, corn from Russia, and ice from Norway, as well as the extensive fish wharf where tons of fish are daily in the season transferred direct from the vessels alongside to the railway trucks, and despatched under lock and key to London. But all this interest, real as it is, is essentially modern, and no true archaeologist could consent to be diverted by it from the purpose of his visit. When, however, the business of the meeting was over, he might well turn his attention to the scenes of commercial activity presented by the port of this once decayed but now busy and flourishing town. Most places have their ebbs and flows of prosperity, and none more so than Grimsby. One of the oldest and most important of our English ports; connected by such strong and lasting ties with its Danish mother that previously to the abolition of the Sound dues vessels from Grimsby could claim privileges and exemptions at Elsinore conferred by its Scandinavian founder; in the fourteenth century able to furnish no fewer than eleven ships and one hundred and seventy mariners to Edward III.'s siege of Calais, Grimsby had at the beginning of the seventeenth century sunk so low that, in the mournful words of her distinguished townsman, Gervase Holles, the Royalist antiquary, she had "but one poor coalship belonging to her, and scarce mariners in the town to man it." "The haven," he continues, "hath been heretofore commodious, now decayed; the traffic good, now gone; the place rich and populous, the houses now mean and straggling by reason of depopulation; the town very poor. So we will leave Grimsby, venerable for antiquity, and write over the gate *Fuit Ilium*." A more appropriate motto, little as Holles could have foreseen it, would have been *Resurgam*. Now we may write *Resurrexit*. No town shows a more marvellous and more rapid growth. The population, which ninety years since numbered but 382 souls, has risen to nearly 40,000, and, though no less than 140 acres have been reclaimed from the sea and converted into docks, the accommodation for shipping is insufficient, and a further extension is being provided. The varied fortunes of the town were described in an able paper by the Rev. J. Wild, who traced its history from the mythical period of the eponymic heroes of Danish and Old English minstrelsy, Grim and Havelok, down to the wonderful revival of its prosperity in the last half-century.

The church of Grimsby, dedicated to St. James, is a grand cruciform pile, with stately central tower; a minster in size and arrangement. It is often spoken of as monastic. This is a mistake. It was indeed given to the Abbey of Wellow, just outside the town, but simply in augmentation of the revenues of that foundation, not as the conventual church. The style of the architecture is Early English of a very masculine type. The mouldings of the pier-arches are singularly deeply cut, and of very bold outline. There is no triforium, but a continuous clerestory of lancet arches rises above the arcade both in nave and transepts, every third arch being pierced as a window. Few churches have suffered more from mutilating hands. In the last century the chancel was curtailed and its roof lowered, the aisles were rebuilt in a mean style, and the whole fabric allowed to fall into a state bordering on ruin. Under the present active incumbent much of this evil work has been undone. The yawning void of the mullionless west window has been filled by a well-proportioned triplet, of which, we believe, distinct traces were found; the gables of the nave and transepts have been raised to their original pitch, and the conical flanking turrets pointed and rendered safe. The nave has received a new open roof, the tottering tower has been effectually strengthened, and the whole interior appropriately reset. The chancel remains naked and dreary, awaiting funds to be restored to its original dimensions, and filled with stalls and other furniture. Few restorations were more needed, and certainly few have been more satisfactory.

After matins on Tuesday morning the members inspected this grand old church, under the guidance of the Bishop of Nottingham, by whom all that is known of its history was told. After this the party started on the day's expedition. The first place visited was Old Clew, celebrated for its pre-Norman tower, one of the interesting class of which Lincolnshire contains more than any other county in England; two more of which, Waith and Scartho, were visited on the first day's excursion. A fourth, that of Holton-le-Clay, might easily have been included, while the celebrated tower of Barton-on-Humber was not far distant. All these towers present the same characteristic and singular type. Tall, slender, hard in outline and stern in detail, destitute of buttresses and turret stairs, the gradually diminishing stages divided by a plain projecting string cornice, the coupled belfry windows supported by a rude mid-wall shaft, the capital sometimes, as at Scartho, showing a clumsy reminiscence of the Corinthian volute, the small archheads cut out of one stone—these towers stand as proofs of the existence in England before the Conquest of a distinct form of Romanesque, with a strongly marked character, which only gradually gave place

to the more developed style introduced by the Norman occupation. Strikingly unlike their Norman successors, as Mr. Freeman has remarked, these towers bear a no less striking resemblance to a large class of towers to be found in very distant lands. Their derivation from the campaniles of Italy is so unmistakable that, in Mr. Freeman's words, "there are towers in Lincoln and Verona which might change places and still seem at home." The towers of Clew and Scartho have suffered much in character and outline by the addition of pinnacles and parapets in Perpendicular times; that of Waith happily retains its plain horizontal termination. The removal of these incongruous features would be so manifest an improvement that, in spite of the outcry that would be raised against thus breaking the historical continuity of the building, we could almost venture to recommend it. Something of the kind has been done at the allied tower of St. Michael, Oxford, with excellent effect. The towers of Clew and Scartho, like nearly all the towers of this date, stand at the west end of the nave, into which they open by a tall, narrow arch, with a "sacristan's window" above. Waith follows the plan, so often found in Norman village churches, of which Ilfley and Castle Rising are familiar examples, where the tower stands between the nave and chancel, and is narrower than either. The arrangement, though picturesque, is most inconvenient for congregational purposes, and when, as is usual in the earlier buildings, the tower arches are hardly wider than doorways, it practically divides the interior into three separate apartments. The effect is as if a giant had taken up the church by the middle when soft and given it a pinch with his finger and thumb. The Church of Waith is entirely modern, Early English, preserving the old nave arcades. It was designed by Mr. Fowler of Louth, whose work as builder and restorer, careful and conscientious, if not characterized by much original genius, meets us at every turn in this district. No expense has been spared by the munificent founder, Mr. Haigh, to whose father it is a memorial. The chancel walls are arcaded, and decorated in coloured tiles. Every window is filled with stained glass. All the furniture and fittings are costly. But it is a little overdone, and one longs for greater simplicity, and, above all, for more of the light of day. The beehive roof of the apse is very unpleasing. The marked Danish character of this district might appear to give some support to Mr. J. H. Parker's favourite theory that these early churches were erected by Canute to replace those destroyed by his father and himself in their earlier invasions. Nothing, however, could be architecturally more fallacious. There is nothing peculiarly Danish in these towers. Not only are they found with little variation of style in other parts of England, where no such work of atonement could have had place, but their parentage may, as we have said, be distinctly traced, by a continuous chain of examples, to the Romanesque of Northern Italy. Their builders may have been, and probably were, the descendants of Danish occupants, but they adopted the style they found, not one brought with them. Indeed, when we bear in mind that the Scandinavian colonization was "wholly or mainly effected by soldiers of fortune who, after a few years of piracy, settled down with the roughly-wooded daughters of the soil their swords had conquered" (Isaac Taylor, *Words and Places*, p. 126), we shall see the improbability of their introducing any fresh style of building. Vikings were not likely to be ecclesiastical architects. They might know something about building a ship, but not much about building a church.

And yet, as we have said, no district in England shows more distinct traces of Danish settlement, in the unmistakable evidence of local names, than the Lincolnshire shores of the Humber; nowhere is the suffix "by," indicating permanent residence as contrasted with temporary occupation, more frequent. It is usually compounded with Danish personal names, and these not, as in Old-English local names, derived from a family or a clan, but flowing directly from the name of a person. Thus among the places visited last week, beginning with Grimsby, the building or settlement of the Scandinavian adventurer Grim, whoever he may have been, we have Laceby, Aylesby, Ashby, Brocklesby, Riby, and Keelby, still retaining the names of the men to whom they were respectively assigned in the occupation of the ninth century, though in some instances in a metamorphic form effectually disguising the original orthography. The character of the population, however, was mixed; Old-English local names existing side by side with those of Scandinavian origin, partly earlier and partly later than the Danish occupation. Thus we have Tetney; Humberston (where the connexion with the river Humber, however plausible, must be decidedly rejected); "Brigsley," perhaps pointing to the bridge which connected the "leas" or meadows on either side of the little stream, as "Waith" indicates the place where it was forded; Stallingborough, the stronghold of the clan of the Stallas; Waltham; and the "Cotes," Great and Little, telling of the detached homesteads of mud huts, larger and smaller, which sheltered the shepherds of the rich pastures of the Humberside and their flocks. No part of England can more distinctly show the immense antiquity and the permanence of our ordinary local nomenclature, which has, in fact, received no material addition since the Norman Conquest.

The churches visited had as their exponent Bishop Trollope, of Nottingham. We were not able to accept all his conclusions, especially as to dates, which he was inclined to place too early; but his descriptions were clear and sensible. Clew Church, the first visited, was decidedly the most interesting, both on architectural and historical grounds. It is a rather large cruciform church, with a western, and now also with a central, tower. Though the architectural history of this church closes with the early part of the thirteenth century,

it shows work of four different dates, starting with the pre-Norman tower and west end, containing some long and short work; the north arcade is Early Norman; and the south, rather later. The crossing is Transitional, and the transepts and chancel Early English. Here the restorers were found in full work with their axes and hammers, under Mr. Fowler's direction. Though restoration is, in the eye of an archaeologist, an evil, still, if a building is to be rescued from ruin and made fit for the due performance of the services of the Church, it is often a necessary evil; and, when carried out in a careful and conservative spirit, the mischief done is greatly lessened. Old features indeed pass away, the stamp of antiquity is wiped off, smooth plaster and painfully white stone poorly replace the picturesquely stained and decaying surfaces—the whole thing looks new. But we must acknowledge that churches exist as places of worship, not merely as archaeological monuments, and, with however much regret, we must consent to accept the inevitable. The pier arches of the crossing at Cleve evidently indicating a central tower, Mr. Fowler has, with commendable courage, capped the church with a low lantern, to the marked improvement of its outline. He would have improved it more if he had finished it with a low leaden spire. We have spoken of the historical interest of Cleve Church. This arises from the contemporaneous inscription, so well known to archaeologists, on the southern pillar of the nave arcade, recording the consecration of the church by Hugh of Grenoble, Bishop of Lincoln, in the year 1192. The inscription runs thus:—"Hæc ecclesia dedicata est in honorem Sanctæ Trinitatis et Sanctæ Mariæ Virginis tertio non. Martii a domino Hugone Lincolnensi Episcopo, anno ab Incarnatione Domini M.C.X.C.II. Tempore Ricardi Regis." The exceeding rarity of such records of consecration, apart from the historic names of St. Hugh and Cœur de Lion, gives remarkable value to these few sculptured lines. It would be well if such records were collected. The earliest we remember is that at Germigny-sur-Loire, one of the original churches built by the Emperor Charles the Great in 806. The well-known inscription on Kirkdale Church records how Orm, the son of Gamel, erected it in the time of Edward the Confessor. One at Caistor in Northamptonshire tells of its consecration in 1113. A brass at Ashbourn in Derbyshire speaks of its dedication by Hugh of Patrishul, Bishop of Coventry, in 1241, in honour of St. Oswald, the King. Others probably might be enumerated, but their number is remarkably scanty. This inscription has been sometimes supposed to assign the date of the erection of this church. This is a complete mistake. The pillar into which the stone bearing it is let is a huge Norman cylinder of at least a century before the date inscribed. In early days churches often remained a long time unconsecrated. The expense attending on the ceremonial of consecration, when the bishop and his retinue had to be received and feasted for several days, often caused the ceremony to be indefinitely postponed. At Grostete's visitation in 1236, one of the inquiries made of the parish priests was "*an ecclesie sint dedicate?*" What the character of the answers was may be gathered from the order issued by the legate Otho, in the following year, that all undedicated churches should be consecrated within two years. The Cleve inscription may possibly indicate the date of the transepts and chancel, though it seems almost too early for them, as it is too late for the other parts of the church. But its chief interest is historical. It is somewhat remarkable, considering the infrequency of these architectural records, that two more came under the notice of the Society on this day's excursion—one at Grimsby, the other at Tetney. At Grimsby the name of one of the benefactors by whom in the fourteenth century the piers of the tottering tower were cased and strengthened is recorded by an inscription on the north-eastern pillar—"Orate pro anima Joannis Kingston qui hanc columnam fecit A. D. MCCCLXV." At Tetney the date of the finely-proportioned decorated arcade on the northern side of the nave is supplied by a few lines cut on one of the pillars:—"Hoc opus factum est A. D. MCCCLXIII. D. Robertus Day tunc Vicarius." The value of dated examples of this kind to the history of architecture need not be enlarged on.

Other singularities rewarded the investigations of the Society. At Limber, the veteran archaeologist, Mr. Matthew Bloxam, pointed out the evidence afforded by the piscinas on either side of the entrance to the chancel of the existence of two rood-loft altars, an arrangement of which he knew only one other example, at the little mountain church of St. Patrick near Crickhowel. The tower of Limber Church presents a sadly truncated appearance, it having been cut down by Bishop Pretyman Tomline because it obscured the view of the Yarborough Mausoleum from Riby Hall. This necessitated the lowering of the nave roof, to the grievous injury of the outline of the church. The mausoleum, the prospect of which was considered so essential by the Bishop, is a well-designed circular Doric temple, beautifully planted on a rising knoll surrounded with noble cedars, and commanding a magnificent prospect. Within, the domed ceiling is supported by Corinthian columns of rich pavonazzo marble, and white marble statues of exquisite workmanship commemorate the various members of the Yarborough family. But the whole thing is cold and distinctly pagan. With the exception of some washy cherubs in the painted glass of the skylight, there is no word or emblem to indicate the faith of its occupants, or to speak of hope beyond the grave.

The two or three unrestored churches visited by the Society, such as Brigsley, Keelby, and Great Cotes—famous in the records of our law courts for the noble though ineffectual stand made by the present Bishop of Lincoln against what he considered a simoniacal presentation—in their uncared-for dreariness and

desolation tended to reconcile one to the march of restoration which has left so few churches in this district untouched. Mr. Fowler has been the chief restorer in these parts; and, on the whole, he has done his work well. We wish he were less fond of red crest tiles, with their sharp line of crude colour. He has not, however, had quite the monopoly of restoration. Grimsby and Limber (partially) have been admirably done by Mr. Withers; and Riby, with its groined chancel, oak stalls, and central tower, is a good and costly work by Mr. Ferrey, at the cost of Colonel Tomline. Two churches, those of Humberston and Stallingborough, are mere oblong rooms with walls of red brick and windows of the stable type—sad proofs of the utter deadness of architectural and ecclesiastical feeling in the latter part of the last century. The zealous incumbent of Stallingborough, however, has shown what can be done with the most apparently hopeless building by decorative colour and correct ritual arrangement. Nothing can make the interior beautiful, but it has been made very church-like. This church preserves the monuments of the old family of Ayscough or Askew, including those of the father and brother of the somewhat vixenish female martyr of the early days of the Reformation, the well-known Ann Askew. The register records the burial of Colonel Harrington and a number of soldiers who fell in the skirmish of Riby Gap, June 18, 1645, between Colonel Foster, who had issued from Newark with part of the garrison, and the Parliamentary forces. Colonel Foster with nine of his men were buried at Riby.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the monuments of various dates and different degrees of interest on which Mr. Bloxam discoursed with thorough scientific knowledge. After those of the Askews at Stallingborough, the most remarkable were the effigies of the Drurys at Ashby, which Mr. Bloxam at once attributed unquestioningly to the accomplished chisel of Nicholas Stone. A veiled figure of Lady Frances Ray, daughter of Sir W. Drury, is of exquisite grace.

The papers take perhaps too secondary a place at these meetings. In addition to the interesting historical paper by Mr. Wild on Grimsby, to which we have already referred, there was one by the Bishop of Nottingham on some traces of the aboriginal inhabitants in the curious hut circles recently discovered at Tetney; an exceedingly well written and well read biography of the one Lincolnshire saint, the founder of the only monastic order of English birth, St. Gilbert of Sempringham; and a memoir on the little alien priory of West Ravendale, by Precentor Venables. In this last the most curious fact mentioned was that one of the priors was indicted for poaching on his neighbours' lands, and was fined ten pounds for chasing a hare with his dogs, which, to their disgrace, they failed to catch. The ruins of the little chapel of this foundation still exist near Grimsby; but unless the protection for which the writer appealed is soon extended to them they will not remain much longer.

SEEING THE PRINCESS.

AFTER long residence in the quiet country it is pleasant to visit London in the height of the season, and, above all, to walk down the Park and see the carriages. Such a show of wealth and fashion the world does not elsewhere contain. You count in five minutes more handsome and well-matched horses than can be seen among all the squires of your acquaintance. There are more pretty faces than you thought the human race could altogether boast. Many of the men look like the centaurs and athletes in the Greek sculpture you have been shown in the Museum. What splendid moustaches, what small feet, what an air, what a manner, how gracefully they take off their hats, and with what composure they speak to the lovely occupants of carriages decorated with coronets and supporters! Like a stranger in Paradise, you look on at the doings of the world of which you have heard—the world of rank and riches, of nobles and beauties, of politeness and urbanity, and whatever else is meant by those terms of civilization which define the boundaries between town and country. Above all other sights, however, you desire to see the Princess. It is needless to go home until that end has been attained. They would think little of you, indeed, at the next rectory tea party if you have not something fresh to tell. And there is somebody, perhaps, to whom you have rashly promised that you will be able to pronounce more exactly as to her likeness to the royal lady of which her mother has so often told you, and which the dear bishop noticed and commented on at the opening of the restored church. How far off such scenes appear while you follow the crowd under the guardianship of a policeman, and cross the road from that nameless gate near Apsley House to the gravelled side of the drive! But see the Princess you must, and is there not a possibility that you may be so fortunate as to gaze even for a moment on a still more august personage? Your mother has told you how, on a certain occasion—no matter how many years ago, for it preceded your own birth—she came to London, and drove by your father's side in a carriage, and how a young lady on horseback rode up Constitution Hill and into the Park, and how everybody stopped, and all the men took off their hats, and the women stared till the sun or some other cause brought tears into their eyes. And you remember, in particular, that this illustrious lady made a special bow at the young bride who, no matter how many years later, tells the thrilling story. Could you obtain a sight of her you feel that the welcome home would be doubly warm. Though you know so well to the contrary, yet in the dim recesses

of your mind there is a feeling that a King or a Queen goes about in the regalia. Only a view of royalty in the flesh will remove it, for it is not long since you were yourself in the condition of the child of whom it is recorded that, being taken to the window to see the Queen drive through the street, she accounted for the absence of a crown by the supposition that it was lent to the King for that day.

Such are perhaps the unsophistical thoughts which you revolve as you watch the glittering throng. What a country is England, that can marshal such an army of carriages on an ordinary summer afternoon! What were the chariots of Sisera of which you heard last Sunday in comparison? And every carriage filled, as you reasonably suppose, with the highest rank and the greatest wealth of a country where blood is pure and gold is plentiful. Heraldry and eyesight alike are taxed to distinguish a duke's coronet from a mere baron's, and you find that, after the first three attempts to learn off the costumes of the best-dressed ladies, memory refuses the office. You must keep your faculties fresh to observe the Princess, every item of whose dress you will be expected to catalogue for the benefit of the womankind at home. You begin to wish for some one who can tell the names of the great people. That man who cursed so audibly when you trod on his toe may have been a great poet. At any rate his language was highly figurative. The wearer of the glittering hat who canters by on a pony may be a Cabinet Minister, and you are not sorry when your elbow is grasped by a regular town mouse—if the name of so harmless a little beast be really appropriate—whose acquaintance you have chanced to make at a country house. He is, however, rather bent on enjoying the astonishment of a country cousin as he sneers at the whole performance. No ladies, he says, of real rank would exhibit their faces in such a way to the vulgar gaze. You thank him mentally for the delicate compliment to yourself; but he goes on to remark that it is only second-rate people who come here to be stared at. There is, he continues, a certain class in London to whom notoriety is pleasant. They have titles among them, and some of them have blue blood in their veins; but for the most part their reputations are damaged, and they are anxious to proclaim the fact to all the world. This, he observes, in spite of your dissent, is a law of society, and these people pretend to constitute society. They are by no means particular as to what they do, or with whom they associate; but everybody in their set must either have rank or money. Wealth, perhaps, on the whole, is the best; but a title is almost as good. The lady whose husband has a million of money, or the credit of it, may see as many earls as she pleases, and even countesses, at her table, and has every possible opportunity of imagining that she moves in the highest circles. In these circles, it is true—so our cynic insinuates—the Ten Commandments may be of little authority, though a certain pleasure is still to be found in breaking them. Such people, he mysteriously whispers, perform their duty to their neighbour by coveting his wife, winning his money, infesting his house, driving his team, eating his dinners, slapping him on the back, and damaging his fame as much as they can in the time by deed as well as by word. These fine folks have their organs for the information of the public, organs which are read chiefly by people who, though they do not hope to shine in the same skies, yet do not feel that in any respect except name they are very much inferior. All the movements of this vortex of so-called society are recorded by their papers, while the scandals they have invented or caused are registered every week, and pretty regularly contradicted the week following. According to these interesting periodicals, the men and women in society are busily engaged either in committing or in laughing at the most atrocious offences against morals and taste. They are only serious when discussing such hard cases in ethics as where a man has to choose between adultery and perjury, or a woman between her children and the chance of spiting some one else's wife. If you endeavour to stem the flow of your friend's cynicism by pointing out that all the lovely creatures driving or riding past cannot be so depraved, he replies that he has it from their own journals, and goes on to illustrate his remarks with biographical anecdotes of the ladies and gentlemen before you. That, he says, is the Marquess of Something—you do not quite catch the name. He is descended in the male line from—say, the Duchess of Kendal—and thinks it a duty to his family to imitate the virtues of the ancestors by whom it was founded. He has no money, but he has rank, and the friend who addresses him so familiarly by a nickname has money enough for both, though his father began life as a bricklayer, and he only knew he had a mother by a process of simple induction. That beautiful lady, all in white, which to your mind symbolizes the purity of mind which alone could look out of those innocent eyes, seals with a coronet, and is much admired "in society," for she is very rich; and while she remained a widow, for her gallant lord is dead some years, had every eligible young man at her feet. She married at last—no one knew exactly why, adds your mentor—and has now to keep an advertisement standing in the papers to say that she will not pay her husband's debts. It strikes you afterwards as odd that you never happened to see the advertisement. That gentleman on horseback is remarkable chiefly for his performances at a skating-rink; he was a gold-digger in California when he came in unexpectedly for a title and estates. He retains, according to the weekly authorities in such matters, the charming frankness of demeanour acquired in his early life, and probably if you were near enough to hear what he says you would be astonished at its directness and point. There goes a very great

lady in an Indian shawl. Her name attracts your attention; for her husband has an estate in your county. You ask for some particulars respecting her position. You remember that the estate is impoverished, the houses wretched, the farms rack-rented, and the old park denuded of timber; and are not surprised to hear that, though she is "in society," her reputation is none of the best; her passion is for play, and the young lord by the side of her carriage was caught long ago, and pays for her good graces some twenty thousand a year in guinea points. A familiar face attracts your gaze. That is one of the reigning beauties of the season. Her portrait is in all the shop windows. She is in the best society, and has half-a-dozen invitations for every night. Her looks are discussed each week in the "society" journals. What does her husband think of it? you innocently ask; but to this natural question you obtain no reply. There is Mrs. What's-her-name, who has had five husbands, and there are legal doubts about the validity of her present marriage. She is known "in society" as the Good Samaritan, adds your friend, at the same time bidding you farewell, and leaving to unravel if you can the meaning of the joke. He has only allowed that here and there is to be seen a "swell of the first water," as, with some confusion of metaphor, he expresses it; but such people, he hastens to assure you, only drive through the Park when it is the shortest way.

On the whole, you are not sorry to let the scandal-monger go, especially when he has told you how to know when the Princess is coming, for he makes you hate your fellow-creatures; and it does not occur to you till he is gone to ask how he comes to know so much about a society which he professes so heartily to despise. His sneers have changed your view of the scene around you, and turned all the beauty and sweetness into gall and bitterness. There is poisonous powder on every fair cheek, belladonna in every eye. You would prefer not to believe a word of what he has said. You look at the sweet faces near to convince yourself of its untruth. Yet he has shown you married ladies who have no objection to wear handsome jewelry given by open admirers, gentlemen who would not speak to an unmarried girl, young men who would cut their own mothers, and girls who know more of life than their fathers. The bloom is off the scene as you turn away from him. You may disbelieve the bulk of his slanders, but there is never smoke without some fire, and the dregs are enough to give a very nasty flavour to the cup of pleasure. You look with critical eyes at the carriage of your county member. How shabby it is here, yet how fine you thought it at home, and how pleased you were to get an occasional bow from it! As you walk along the line, however, a little of the old feeling comes back. Good or bad, the occupants of these splendid carriages are often very beautiful. They seem to you both *Angli* and *Angeli*. According to your friend, who knows "society," they are worse than heathen. Sometimes the carriages themselves are models of neatness and delicate taste, and the horses so perfectly matched that you wonder how the coachman can distinguish them. A party of four-in-hand drags has assembled at the corner, and is about to drive down to Twickenham for an evening at the Orleans. You wonder if your friend would have approved of the Orleans, or thought it a place for people of the first water. As you reflect a sleepy feeling seems to come over you. The endless roll of carriages, all going at the same pace, all going the same way, is as soporific as the manipulations of a mesmeriser. Suddenly, a thrill seems to go through everybody. Every carriage draws to the side. A policeman in very white gloves trots past. Then comes a little phaeton drawn by two grey horses. A lady, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," bows and smiles. You see a charming vision of children's faces; the carriages close in behind, and it is not till the round has begun again that you are fully aware that you have indeed seen the Princess. She is so truly well dressed that you have not even been able to distinguish the colour of her bonnet strings.

MR. PETRE ON JESUIT EDUCATION.

WE have more than once already directed the attention of our readers to Mr. Petre's remarkable series of publications on Catholic Liberal Education, which has evidently, in spite of vehement if not virulent opposition, found a response in his own communion, and cannot but have an interest also for those without its pale. What directly concerns the moral and intellectual training of an important and perhaps increasing section of the community can hardly be matter of indifference to any intelligent Englishman, and the broad and generous spirit in which the author handles his subject, and in which we recognize the best augury of his eventual success, is such as to invite the sympathy of all who are interested in the welfare of our youth. His latest pamphlet, on *Catholic Systems of School Discipline*, differs materially in one respect from the earlier numbers of the series, as being not so much an exposition of principles as a record of facts. But this peculiarity will to many readers give it an additional interest. It is not always easy for an outsider, least of all for a Protestant, to obtain "a glance behind the grilles" of religious houses; and Roman Catholic schools, as Mr. Petre observes, are for the most part under the care of religious bodies, and particularly of the Jesuits. Against the prevalent reticence he very justly protests as fatal to the exercise of any effectual control over the education of the laity. He points to the service rendered by the Public Schools Commission of 1864 to "places

which are, religion apart, more favourably situated than are we; and he has resolved to do what in him lies to render a like service to the cause of Roman Catholic education by offering to the public what is in fact a carefully drawn report, from his own personal experience, on the system of what is popularly termed—perhaps it may be thought in grim irony—"the Catholic Eton," the great Jesuit College of Stonyhurst. Our readers may recollect some strange and often apocryphal revelations about Stonyhurst in the Tichborne trial. Here they have an authentic and detailed account from "an Old Boy," and from one who speaks in the highest terms of the personal excellence and conscientiousness of all concerned in its management, of the whole administration of the College in its ethical aspects. And a more unlovely picture of a system of education worked by high-minded, upright, and often highly-trained men, it would not be easy to conceive. What makes these disclosures the more important is that the Stonyhurst discipline is, as Mr. Petre intimates, and as is well known from other sources, in all essential details that of Jesuit Colleges everywhere, and of Roman Catholic schools generally in England as well as elsewhere, except so far as it has in some cases been very recently modified in deference to protests which could no longer be altogether ignored. Mr. Petre himself spent three years at Stonyhurst as a boy, and a year and a half later on among the "Philosophers"—a kind of hybrid creatures something between a sixth-form boy at a public school and an undergraduate at the University—where he had full opportunity of closely studying the system and verifying or correcting his previously formed impressions. His opening statement, of which the subsequent pages contain a sufficiently exhaustive proof, is this:—"The theory and practice which I found in acceptance at Stonyhurst were, that at no hour of the day or of the night should boys be away from the eye of a master."

The educational staff consisted of twenty-five Jesuits, whose various titles and offices are given in full, but need not be repeated here. We must note a few of the more important. The Rector is head of the whole establishment, but his office does not correspond to that of a Head-master—rather perhaps, so far as any parallel can be drawn, to that of the Provost of Eton. His first duty is to promote the spiritual well-being of the religious community bound by vow to obey him. He does not teach, or practically exercise any moral influence over the boys, though he occasionally sees them individually on business matters, and conducts the correspondence with their parents. He might of course see them whenever he chose, or they might go to him, but no such intercourse actually takes place. "He is invariably a priest, and invariably a man of good sense. . . . He is sometimes a scholar." We pass over certain officials whose duties are purely mechanical and external, and come to the "Spiritual Father," who preaches the Sunday sermons, hears the confessions (there is probably some option left to the boys in this matter), and is charged with the spiritual supervision of the school generally. His office is naturally regarded as a very weighty and responsible one, and it offers the nearest approach to be found at all to a provision for the exercise of personal influence and sympathy. But it is not so used in fact:—

As far as my personal experience has extended, and as far as I have been able to gather on reliable authority *abunde*, I have not generally found that the Spiritual Father has usually been chosen with reference to his breadth of sympathy with boys in their eccentricities, troubles, moods, and difficulties; but rather with reference to the vehemence of his personal piety, his zeal for, and devotion to, the special ascetic spirit of St. Ignatius. Many of the duties of his office are not such as to attract boys, there being a character of suspiciousness about them which goes far to neutralize the benefits of an office otherwise well conceived.

But it must be said that the rule forbidding any boy to enter a master's room does not apply in the case of the Spiritual Father.

As a rule, perhaps, the Spiritual Father may be said not to be successful in gaining the confidence of any boys excepting those of a decidedly devotional turn.

Next comes the Prefect of Studies, who is charged with the entire management of the intellectual work of the school, and is always a sound scholar; but he has no concern whatever with the boys out of school. He is a priest, and has several masters under him, who are ecclesiastics though not generally priests, and who rejoice in such quaint designations as "Master of Rhetoric," "Master of Syntax," "Master of Figures," and the like. Their intercourse with their pupils is also restricted to the class-room, and they are by no means always good teachers. A late Student of Stonyhurst, quoted by Mr. Petre, says:—

In the Schools conducted by Religious, the Professors must necessarily be drawn from the narrow limits of the order, and are generally young scholastics, who are appointed to teach, not because they have any special taste or talents for it, but simply because they are scholastics, and take to teaching as a matter of course, as part of their training. If, at the end of a year, one of them is notoriously found to be incapable, doubtless he is removed. But what, meanwhile, has become of the victims of the experiment, the twenty or thirty boys whom he had to care for? They have passed another year of their lives, and it is well if it has only been wasted. If by chance a body of professors has been found who display an aptitude for their work, it will not avail the students long, for as scholastics they must soon be called away to other and more pressing duties. So the weary round goes on; continual experiments are made on the boys, and masters are formed. And if some good material is wasted, if some young lives are spoiled in the process—why, then it is part of a system.

Boys may not go to a master's room without express permission, which is seldom asked and would not readily be accorded, and they have no "studies" of their own to which masters could go, even if it were allowed. "It is a received opinion in Jesuit Colleges" that any closer intercourse is neither requisite nor desirable. Mr.

Petre sums up the intellectual result of this "drill" system of education in the significant remark:—"There are but few laymen of intellectual eminence among Catholics."

But intellectual training is not the only, nor the highest, end of education, and few who take a genuine interest in the work or really understand and care for boys will hesitate to endorse Mr. Petre's comment on the moral bearings of the question. That boys must in many things be dealt with in the mass, whence the great value of a well-considered system, he of course freely admits, but he adds:—

Any one who has made the care of boys a labour of life and of love, must know well how constantly recurring, and how diverse are the necessities and opportunities for individual moral guidance which boys display. So entirely do these necessities and opportunities differ with individual boys, that the true educator cannot but find himself daily more anxious to minimise to the utmost the conditions which are hostile to individual treatment. The conviction grows upon him that, to the utmost of his power, he should deal with each boy separately;—separately in time, and separately in manner.

But in Jesuit colleges "a boy has no one to go to for guidance and sympathy except his master," and practically he cannot go to him. Mr. Petre repeats what he had said before of his readiness to believe that the result in many cases proves the superior morality of Catholic to non-Catholic schools—a result which he attributes entirely to religious ordinances and not to the system; but he repeats it with a very material reservation (the italics are his own) "morality being of course understood to be synonymous with *chastity*, not with moral development." And even as regards this point there is also, as will appear presently, an important reservation to be made. This cut and dried mechanical relationship of masters and boys is contrasted—much to its disadvantage—with "the inter-relation of 'private tutor,' 'house master,' and 'form master' at Harrow," about which copious information is supplied in the appendix from the evidence of Dr. Butler and other Harrow Masters before the Royal Commission:—

While a boy at Stonyhurst, I saw—except in the Confessional—little of priests, but much of Prefects. I had one or two interviews with the *Spiritual Father* in the course of two years, but these were in regard of certain real or supposed delinquencies. I do not think I should like to have been seen going often to his room.

But there is another class of authorities, as the last extract shows, in constant and close attendance on the boys, who may perhaps be thought to supply the individual kindness and care which the master cannot give; we mean "the Prefects," of whom there are five altogether, the first being always a priest, and the rest ecclesiastics of some kind:—

It is the business of the prefects to keep their boys at all times under their eye. This duty is conscientiously performed, and is assisted by the fact that, during play-time, boys are confined within a square of gravel, surrounded by railings or walls, and having on its barren surface some eight stunted trees. A boy is not permitted, except under most exceptional circumstances, to leave this square of gravel during his recreation time. The entrance to it is guarded always by one, generally by three prefects.

Neither the "Higher Line" nor the "Lower Line" boys—Upper and Lower School, as we should say—have any studies or rooms of their own, or even any Common room to sit in; but after supper a schoolroom is set apart, where the "Higher Line" may sit, "a master presiding over them, and feed on such prison fare of cautiously selected and 'mercilessly expurgated books' as is doled out to them. There are also 'Higher Line' and 'Lower Line Play-rooms,' containing billiard or bagatelle tables, where chess, draughts and cards may be played, but no active game, or even walking about—except to play billiards—is allowed. A prefect here too is always on duty. The prefects administer all corporal punishment, and the infliction was frequent in Mr. Petre's time, so frequent that "it lost much of its deterrent effect; the pain was severe, the disgrace insufficient." But of moral influence and sympathy the prefects exercise, and are expected to exercise nothing. "They can hardly be said to encourage personally intimate relations with their charges . . . everything in the system they work is so thoroughly mechanical, and the fear of anything like 'particular friendships' or favouritism is so strong, that it is difficult for them to do more than conscientiously act by their card." This unnatural dread of "particular friendships" is indeed a standing bugbear of Jesuit and Roman Catholic colleges generally, and it cruelly hampers or destroys all confidential intercourse, not only between boys and masters, but between the boys themselves:—

We were not expected to walk about in couples in conversation. If talking in couples was at all persisted in, the parties were liable to arbitrary separation on the part of the Prefects. There is a special fear of "particular friendships" in the schools of which I am speaking. This fear amounts almost to a superstition, and is of obvious foreign origin.

No boy was permitted to lay his hand on a companion. I do not mean to engage in a fight, but to wrestle or to play. The fear of "romping" was hardly less intense than the fear of "particular friendships." Any kind of demonstration of affection was regarded with marked suspicion, with the inevitable result of putting a premium on adventure in this respect. Stonyhurst boys would not have liked to be seen shaking hands with one another. To walk arm-in-arm would not have been permitted. In all these matters we were surrounded by a close atmosphere of suspicion. The Prefects were the empowered administrators of this system, and were bound to uphold it.

What more could be needed to make a boy's life miserable? And this odious system of constant interference and espionage is based on a yet more odious estimate of boy nature as mischievous as it is radically false, which Mr. Petre very justly denounces:—

Supervision and precaution are commendable, repression and suspicion may not be so. I do not believe, and increasing experience confirms me in

not believing, that the majority of boys are evil or corrupt. Especially do I hold that belief in regard to England. Where there is corruption, it is most frequently individual, interior, and not to be either remedied or retarded by any system of supervision which is merely external. Boys, as a rule—and again I say especially English boys—are gifted with a manly self-respect, which, if encouraged in the atmosphere of a reasonable liberty and individual independence, will very soon develop itself into a formed habit of natural virtue.

And if we Catholics possess an additional and supernatural means of protecting and developing virtue, by what possible expedient of reasoning can it be shown that we require what those who have but human means at their command find unnecessary?

We quoted on a previous occasion the reluctant but emphatic testimony of Mr. Charles Langdale to the worse than failure of this "overwatchful discipline, founded on mistrust," to develop the nobler moral element of character. Mr. Petre is now able to rank Saul among the prophets, and to cite the still more unsuspecting testimony of the plus-quam-ultramontane *Dublin Review* to its special tendency to foster "a certain class of evils in regard to which it is most desirable that a youth should hardly think of their existence," and which may readily be understood without being more particularly dwelt upon.

It is a lesser though by no means unimportant matter that all the details of ordinary school life are organized on a scheme of strangely pedantic perversity. Cricket was introduced at Stonyhurst for the first time while Mr. Petre was a boy there; football was played, but "washing was never permitted" after it, though, as he somewhat euphemistically observes, it would have been "desirable." The regular course of the day was conducted on this wise. We can only give a few typical extracts, but the opening scene will sufficiently suggest what follows, for the boys were evidently required to spend the rest of the day according to this beginning:—

At 5.30 (recently altered to 6, I believe) we rose. A Prefect sprang a watchman's rattle through the dormitories. We had some five minutes or upwards allowed us to get on our clothes, and as we were ready we went down to the washing place. The extra Prefect ("Supply Prefect") kept watch half way down the stairs, the third Prefect kept order in the lavatory, the second Prefect cleared the dormitories. Strict silence was observed.

In washing, we were not permitted to strip to the waist, but we might wash our necks. With this restriction, a proper attention to washing was allowed.

Several pages are occupied with the dreary catalogue of successive stages of this rigid and quasi-monastic or rather prison routine. At last it came to its weary ending:—

Supper over, there was recreation till about 8.30, at which hour we marched to the chapel for night prayers, the passage from playroom to chapel being sentinelled as usual. The last sentinel was the Spiritual Father, who was posted outside the chapel door. He said the prayers, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. From the chapel we proceeded to the dormitory, which in its several divisions was under the custody of the three Prefects. About fifteen minutes was allowed for undressing, and then the gas was turned out, and the day ended. We could not, as said above, wash before going to bed. There were no conveniences for washing in the dormitory.

But even then the espionage did not end:—

When the gas was out, the Prefects remained on guard till presumably the boys were asleep. Then two of them retired, but, by turns, each one maintained the watch throughout the night, armed with a dark lantern. Often have I awoke at night and found myself in full light of this lantern. It had a strange effect, the person who held it was invisible. The light stopped a moment, and then flashed along noiselessly. Once or twice the bearer of the light, seeing me awake, has come into my cubicle and spoken a word to me, and I have discovered him to be the Prefect.

One excuse put forward for this cast-iron discipline is the presence of so many foreign boys in Roman Catholic colleges, which renders it a matter of necessity; to which Mr. Petre very naturally replies that, if it be so, the sooner the foreigners are sent elsewhere the better. "What we want in Catholic England are schools for Catholic Englishmen," and not "boy-barracks." We have purposely left Mr. Petre to tell his own story, as far as possible in his own words. It will be startling, we suspect to many even of his Roman Catholic readers, certainly to all others. Nor shall we add here a word of comment on a system which is condemned by the bare description more eloquently than by the severest censure. We will but say that the writer who has come forward so frankly and fearlessly to expose it, and who is also engaged in the work of practical reform, is deserving of all praise—the more so because, being a priest and the son of a peer, he offers a convenient target, as experience has proved, for any anonymous scribbler who thinks it decorous to pelt him with "the honourable and reverend prefixes to his name." He deserves well, first, of his own coreligionists, who are the immediate victims, and secondly of all who desire that English boys of whatever creed should be trained and moulded like human beings, with minds and wills and affections of their own, not drilled and manipulated like machines.

THE CRIMINAL CODE.

III.

THE fourth Part of the Code is devoted to "Acts injurious to the Public generally," and the first class of offences referable to this head is that of "Offences against Religion." A comparison of Sir James Stephen's Digest with his Code on this point will show the sound discretion he has exercised in formally doing that which time has practically done already—namely, sweeping away a mass of obsolete statutes which, originally designed to enforce

uniform orthodoxy, are, from the stringency of their provisions and the severity of the punishments they impose, altogether incompatible with that freedom of thought and discussion which, within certain limits, is recognized as allowable, if not beneficial, at the present day. When one finds heresy, schism, and the denial, however conscientious, of the truth of Christianity, made criminal offences—while departures from the authorized ritual by a clergyman of the Established Church, which no one would now dream of making the subject of proceedings in any but an ecclesiastical court, are punishable on the third offence, or the second if the offender has no spiritual promotion of which to be deprived, with imprisonment for life—the need for obliterating such remnants of bygone bigotry from the statute-book is obvious. Still there exists a class of persons who seem unable to advocate their own ideas without gratuitously shocking other people, and upon such it is deemed desirable to enforce the duty of respecting that which the majority regard as at least worthy of respect by the summary process of the criminal law. The Code, therefore, while punishing "blasphemous libels"—an expression which, according to the authorities, would include any publication on the subject of religion of such a character as to outrage public decency—provides that no one, "except a clergyman being dealt with by the proper court, shall be liable to any punishment or disability whatever only for expressing in good faith, or attempting to establish by arguments used in good faith, any opinion whatever upon any religious subject." The observance of decency in behaviour as well as in language with regard to matters of religion is ensured by the continuance of the Acts which punish brawling in church or interference with officiating ministers. The point as to the liability of persons who, with a genuine intention to disseminate knowledge which they consider to be of general usefulness, issue in a popular form works, or parts of works, the nature of which usually limits their circulation to certain classes or professions, is made the subject of a clause which embodies almost word for word an expression of Sir James Stephen's opinion contained in his Digest, which has since received practical confirmation in the Queen's Bench. The justification which such publications, or exhibitions of a like nature, derive from being "necessary or advantageous to religion or morality, to the administration of justice, the pursuit of science, literature, or art, or other objects of general interest," is declared to cease "if the publication or exhibition is made in such a manner, to such an extent, or under such circumstances, as to exceed what the public good requires in regard to the particular matter published or exhibited, whatever may be the motives of the publisher or exhibitor." This is a restriction with which few will be disposed to quarrel. Among "common nuisances," which form a class of offences under this head, we find the ordinary provisions against gaming and other disorderly houses. One of the facts the existence of which is by the Code (in this respect continuing former statutes) made *prima facie* evidence that a suspected house, room, or place is a common gaming house, is "where any external or internal door or means of access thereto is found to be fitted or provided with any bolt, bar, or chain, or any means or contrivance for the purpose of delaying, preventing, or obstructing the entry into the house or any part thereof of any constable or officer." This, however, seems a somewhat unwarrantable assumption, since few private houses are unprovided with some such means or contrivance, and the purpose must be mere matter of conjecture. Again, if a betting man standing upon a stool under a conspicuous umbrella at a race meeting is punishable as using a "house, office, room, or other place," for the purpose of betting, as is the effect of a recent decision, it might be as well to let him know specifically the penalties he is incurring, since a vulgar mind might fail to appreciate the legal subtlety which regards a stool and umbrella as *ejusdem generis* with a "house, office, or room."

We must express our surprise that Sir James Stephen should admit to a place in the reconstituted criminal law those antiquated statutory provisions which assign to the category of "disorderly houses" places of rational amusement such as the Brighton Aquarium if they open their doors to the public on Sundays. Indeed, institutions like the Zoological Gardens in London have always appeared to us subject to a like condemnation with the Brighton Aquarium, if the statutes in that case made and provided receive at all a liberal interpretation; and the experiment might perhaps have been tried of quietly omitting these provisions from the Code. The recovery of the penalty awarded by this Act to the informer is a mere civil proceeding, and so, though the Code says nothing about it, this most dangerous inducement to Sabbatharians to demonstrate their officious zeal still remains.

Part V. of the Code demands very careful consideration, both from the importance of its subject-matter and from the changes it introduces into the law relating thereto. Its heading is, as we have before stated, "Offences against the Person, the Conjugal and Parental Rights, and the Reputation of Individuals." It leads off with an enumeration of the various grounds on which the infliction of death or bodily injury has always been held justifiable—such as the execution of lawful sentences, measures taken for the preservation of the peace, the prevention of the commission of serious offences, self-defence, and so forth. Combined with matter of justification is matter of excuse, and under the latter heading the Code supplies a distinction between pure accident and those unlawful acts or omissions which, if they result in the death of any one, constitute manslaughter. The degree of culpability attributable to persons who, by neglect of any duty

east upon them by law or undertaken by contract, cause the death of the person who is the object of that duty, was the subject of much discussion in the Penge case, and the Code seems to place such criminality upon its true footing by enacting that the intent which led to the neglect shall be the criterion of guilt. The language in which this proposition is expressed is perhaps somewhat obscure for an Act of Parliament, but it is notoriously difficult to formulate delicate definitions in simple terms. Outside the limits of legal duty there is of course no legal responsibility; but it is somewhat startling to find a proviso in the Code exempting from any criminality cases such as the following extracted from Sir James Stephen's Digest:—

A. sees B. drowning, and is able to save him by holding out his hand. A. abstains from doing so in order that B. may be drowned, and B. is drowned. A. has committed no offence.

Coming to the sections directly relating to homicide, we find killing defined as "the act of causing the death of a person at any distance of time by any act or omission, but for which the person killed would not have died when he did, and which is immediately connected with his death"; a definition which at once does away with the present absurd rule as to murder, which requires that to constitute that crime the person killed must die within a year and a day after the infliction of the injury. After summarizing the law as to any act which is the remote cause or one of several causes of death, and defining unlawful homicide in such a manner as to include both murder and manslaughter as at present understood, the Code proceeds to define murder as "unlawful homicide committed with (a) an intention to cause the death of, or grievous bodily harm to, any person, whether such person be the person actually killed or not; or (b) knowledge that the act, or omission to discharge a legal duty, which causes death or will probably cause the death of, or grievous bodily harm to, some person, whether such person is the person actually killed or not, although such knowledge may be accompanied by indifference whether death or grievous bodily harm is caused or not, or by a wish that it may not be caused." The latter clause appears to draw the line between murder and manslaughter rather fine, and to be at first sight scarcely consistent with the earlier provision that omissions of legal duty causing death shall be estimated according to the intention, since indifference would seem to argue an absence of any definite intent whatever; but the knowledge must be taken to supply the intent, which the indifference or the otiose will is not sufficient to neutralize. The clause, however, is one of those drawn in conformity with the law as laid down in some particular case, being obviously suggested by the ruling in the trial of the Fenians who caused a number of deaths by blowing down part of the wall of Clerkenwell prison in the attempt to rescue some of their associates confined there; and, though it may work well enough for a time, some case is certain to arise which will show that its provisions are not sufficiently general. Those blots on our criminal law by which, under the doctrine of constructive malice, killing, however unintentional and accidental, constitutes murder if it occur during the commission of any felony whatever or in resisting an officer of justice in the discharge of his duty, disappear from the Code; which also admits, for the first time, that sufficient provocation in words, as well as acts, may exist to reduce the offence of murder to that of manslaughter. A merciful provision in Section 138 enacts that the killing of a new-born child by its mother under circumstances which would otherwise amount to murder shall be only deemed manslaughter, if at the time of the offence the woman was deprived, by reason of bodily or mental suffering, of the power of self-control. Juries in infanticide cases are frequently in a most difficult position. The evidence of the killing may be perfectly clear, and nothing may be forthcoming to show that the prisoner's state of mind amounted to insanity—which is now the only legal ground of excuse, and which would, moreover, in most cases have the effect of consigning an obviously sane woman to a criminal lunatic asylum, possibly for life; while the jury may entertain a perfectly justifiable conviction that the moral responsibility of the prisoner does not really amount to murder. They have to take the law from the judge, who generally leaves them a loophole for compromising with their consciences by finding a verdict of concealment of birth. Still this is undesirable on many grounds, and the Code appears to supply just the remedy which is required. A good instance of the compression effected by the Code is observable in Section 141, where the equivalent of five existing sections, which first forbid specifically seven different ways of attempting murder, and then forbid generally all other methods of attempting it, is given in one line. The inciting to or aiding and abetting suicide is reduced from constructive murder to a specific offence punishable with penal servitude for life. The introduction of the terms "voluntarily causing" and "dangerous instrument," with appropriately wide definitions, enables Sir James Stephen to bring within a reasonable compass the law as to bodily injuries which is now contained in one of the most diffuse and inartistic statutes in existence. The next important alteration in the law is the power given to add hard labour to the existing punishment for defamatory libel, a provision which the growing tendency to gratify public curiosity at the expense of private persons would seem to justify.

Remarking merely that the whole of this part of the Bill contains a most masterly and orderly summary of the law of which it treats, we pass on to Part VI., which comprises offences against rights of property or rights arising out of contract. It is impossible to give an idea of the tangled

and incongruous nature of the law which has to be reduced to a system under this head of the Code. The Common Law established certain technical rules as to what classes of things could, and what could not, form the subject of larceny, and as to the circumstances which must necessarily coexist to constitute the offence. Statute after statute was passed to qualify these two rules by exceptions which were found necessary, and to regulate the punishment for the widely different offences which the rough and ready procedure of earlier times had lumped together. In 1861 the Larceny Act was passed with the intention of bringing order out of the existing chaos. It was perhaps as good a measure as could have been expected under the circumstances; but it strove to attain its object by a series of specific provisions, and the multitude of technicalities to which it has given rise have fully demonstrated the inferiority of this system to that of careful generalization. One of the great failings in that Act was the distinction it endeavoured to draw between the cognate offences of theft, embezzlement, and obtaining goods or money by false pretences. This distinction the Code ignores altogether, by classing all these infringements of the rights of property under the one head of "fraudulent misappropriation," with a varying scale of maximum punishment based on the value of the thing appropriated and the position held by the person appropriating it. It also enlarges the list of things that may be stolen by striking out some of the exceptions which rest on purely legal grounds. It would occupy far too much space to go through in detail the provisions by which the Code is designed to secure the desirable result that a man who obtains his neighbour's property by obviously dishonest means should not go unpunished; but the apparent attainment of this end by a series of well-conceived and well-expressed clauses is not one of the smallest recommendations of the Code. The punishments which the Larceny Act awards to offences against its provisions are in many cases arbitrary and inconsistent, and in no way commensurate with the gravity of the crime. The Code, as we have said, rectifies these anomalies by a scale of maximum punishments reducible at the discretion of the judge. What may be called the non-stealable character of game is not affected by the Code; while with regard to robbery and house-breaking the only alterations we need notice are the extension of the stringent measures applicable to robberies or attempts to rob with violence to attempts followed (instead of preceded or accompanied) by violence—which had hitherto been a *casus omissus*—and the elimination of that constructive form of burglary which consists in breaking out of a house after committing a crime therein, a course as to which it is hard to see how it aggravates the actual offence. The year 1861, in which the Larceny Act was passed, is also the date of various other consolidating statutes embodying the law as to forgery, as to offences relating to the coin, and as to malicious mischief. All these Acts have a family resemblance to the Larceny Act in being far too intricate and minute for practical use, with the same result of affording innumerable loopholes for escape, and exhibiting much incongruity in the punishments they authorize. Thus, for instance, under the Malicious Injuries Act, a person who damages a tree in a park to the extent of 17. is liable to five years' penal servitude; while the destruction of the most valuable work of art in a museum, even after a previous conviction for a like offence, can only be visited with six months' imprisonment. The substance of these Acts the Code preserves, merely correcting their inaccuracies, enlarging their definitions, and regulating the scale of penalties so as to increase their efficiency. Such parts of the law of bankruptcy as can fairly be considered criminal by reason of their bearing on fraudulent debtors and persons making false claims on a bankrupt's estate are included in the Code; and there are sections embodying the existing law as to breaches of contract causing public injury or risk (a class of offence of which the Gas Stokers' case affords an apt illustration), the law as to trade-intimidation, and the more distinctly criminal offence by and against seamen.

The remaining part of the Code, which regulates the procedure in criminal cases, we reserve for a future occasion.

THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH.

THE Carthaginians used to crucify their unsuccessful generals. If cricket had been a Phœnician game they would probably have devised some more painful punishment for a commander so unsuccessful as the Captain of the Oxford Eleven. The University did not win this year one single match, and was defeated by every one, from a mild Eleven of Gentlemen of England to Cambridge. It would be worthy of Carthaginians to attribute this series of misfortunes to Mr. Webbe and his comrades. The fact is that moral influence, which has ceased to be quite the power some people once took it for in European affairs, is still potent in cricket at the Universities. From the beginning of the season Cambridge received, from repeated successes, fresh stores of confidence. From the beginning of the season Oxford sank more and more deeply in Cowley Marsh, which, it seems, is rapidly returning to its primitive condition. The Cambridge cricket-ground is level and lively, and the pleased batsman soon runs up a long score, and thus is confirmed in his self-reliance. Oxford men know how torrid a summer is necessary to dry Cowley Marsh and the Magdalen ground. There is always some slight show of rushes here and there amid the grass, and there are depressions where the water of a shower collects. The result is that in wet weather batting has no chance, and bowlers and fielders slip about, while

in dry weather the wickets become so simple and lifeless that it is the bowler who is to be chiefly pitied. Not a ball will rise or shoot, or do more than come in at about the height of a half volley. This year, as a Correspondent of the *Times* says, "only eels could show lively form on Cowley Marsh," and nothing certainly could be less lively than the play of the Oxford Eleven in the match against Cambridge.

Though the representatives of the Dark Blue had enjoyed little practice worthy of the name, and though public opinion against their chance expressed itself in the shape of the odds of four to one, they went on heaping up good reasons for despairing in the very course of the game. They won the toss, and sent Cambridge to the wickets. This was being too clever. It is true that the rain had made the ground lumpy, and suited to the dreaded bowling of Mr. A. G. Steel. There were no particular reasons, on the other hand, to fancy that the ground would improve "as the sacred day waxed stronger," for the weather was threatening. Oxford, by their little stratagem, reserved for their batsmen the worst of the light, and between five and seven o'clock visitors to Lord's felt that it would be well if gas, or electric light, or some other scientific invention, could be turned on and make it more easy to see and judge the ball. In other respects it might be easy to exercise the privilege of fault-finding in criticizing the generalship of Oxford. They made some changes in their Eleven—substituting Mr. Wickham, a brilliant and effective wicket-keeper, for Mr. Fowler. They did not, however, bring a slow round-hand bowler to Lord's—unless Mr. Knight is to be considered a slow bowler—and if they had an artist of this sort (say, in University College), it was a pity to omit him. Again, the fielders were arranged in a very unusual way, and though matters of that sort can only be judged of by experts, it may be said that the arrangement, however original in theory, did not pay in practice. The hits of the Cambridge men very frequently found unguarded places, and reached the ropes. The hits of the Oxford men went straight to fielders, or at least went to places where, by extraordinary activity, the Cambridge men managed to reach and return the ball, often saving one run where a stroke for four was expected.

The Cambridge fielding was admirable. That of Oxford was only too often slovenly and uncertain. Mr. Wickham, Mr. Greene, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Savory did their duty; but it is better not to name the fielders who at mid-off and slip dropped all-important and apparently not very hard catches. The game began well enough for Oxford. Mr. Lucas, whom we take to be after all the most dangerous bat in the Cambridge team, was caught by Mr. Evans off the left-handed bowler when he had made four runs. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton had scored five when he very tamely returned a catch to Mr. Kemp. If only mid-off had held an equally mild catch gracefully presented to him by Mr. Edward Lyttelton, we do not believe that Cambridge would have got a hundred runs. University Eleven are, as a rule, easily discouraged by the fall of their towers of strength. Mid-off unluckily let the ball drop out of his hands, and the elder Lyttelton, with Mr. Whitfield, got well set. At this part of the game, and indeed through both of the Cambridge innings, the bowling and fielding of Mr. Evans were pleasant to watch. He is fast, with a high delivery, is very straight, and can vary his pace in a way which seems puzzling to the batter. After bowling Mr. Whitfield, he began to be very destructive, got rid of Mr. D. Q. Steel with his first ball, destroyed Mr. Edward Lyttelton's wicket with a pitched-up one, dismissed Mr. Jarvis for no runs, and caught Mr. Kingston off the bowling of his old schoolfellow, Mr. Knight. This rout was only stopped by Mr. A. G. Steel, who played, we think, the best innings on the Cambridge side, and displayed much confidence. With Mr. Ivo Bligh, the best of recent Etonian batsmen who have gone up to the Universities, Mr. Steel put on nearly sixty runs, and Mr. Heath's services were needed to take two wickets in less than two overs.

There were people who said at the beginning of the match that, if Cambridge got a hundred runs, Oxford might be beaten in one innings. Virtually beaten in one innings Oxford was, for she did not in two efforts reach the score made by Cambridge in the first essay. The beginning of the Oxford batting was promising enough. The Messrs. Webbe frequently get long scores in the first innings, though long experience of failure has taught us to expect little from Mr. A. J. Webbe in his second attempt. The brothers commenced batting, but the elder was caught by the cricketer whom he himself has so often captured in school and University matches. Mr. Edward Lyttelton, by a brilliant piece of fielding, avenged himself for Mr. Webbe's two wonderful catches in the Harrow and Eton match of 1874 and the University match of 1875. Impatient of Mr. Steel's too steady bowling, and of fielding through which it was scarcely possible to hit a ball to the ropes, one or two batsmen took liberties which they repented. One who thought that it was right to step out and drive Mr. Steel was so much puzzled by the curling ball that he scarcely attempted to hit it. Mr. Hirst was far indeed from repeating his feat of the preceding Friday. It came to this—that the only interest of the affair was to see whether Oxford would save the innings. Thanks to the extremely patient batting of Mr. Greene, who went in second wicket down and carried his bat out for thirty-five, without a chance, the innings was saved. Mr. Savory hit Mr. Steel, as Mr. Game might possibly hit him, but not for long. The young bowler has an imperturbable coolness and perfect command of the ball. From the Pavilion it is easy to see his deliveries twist on both sides of the batsman, who is now bowled with a breaking ball he tries to cut, now with one which

curls round his legs. At the same time, the changes of pace and of curve are very perplexing. There was but one thoroughly good bowler on either side; and we are not convinced that Mr. Evans, with Cambridge fielding to back him, and Oxford batsmen to oppose, would not have been as successful as Mr. Steel. The latter, however, has the *écus* and confirmed moral habit of taking seven wickets in each innings, and has scarcely ever bowled this year without achieving a triumph.

The second innings of Cambridge placed her almost beyond the very chance of defeat. Oxford this year has no Buckland and Tylecote, no Game and Campbell, only two or three "bright occidental stars" of batting, and a tail accustomed to disaster. By way of keeping mid-off in countenance, and giving Cambridge the same chance as in the first innings, short slip thought it well to miss Mr. Lucas off the bowling of the unlucky Mr. Evans. This cost Oxford some sixty runs in the actual score, and probably an amount of demoralization which cannot be calculated in the present condition of ethical science. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton played a brilliant innings of sixty-four, *sans peur et sans reproche*—that is to say, he showed absolute confidence and gave no chances. In spite of a score of one hundred and seventeen for one wicket, Mr. Evans did not lose heart, and again became very deadly. This time mid-off did capture Mr. Edward Lyttelton. It now became apparent that Cambridge would not rival the feat of the Edinburgh Eleven, which last week scored six hundred and ninety-two against Glasgow. Mr. Whitfield beheld his Captain's fall, and was too loyal to outlast him. Five consecutive wickets were lowered for about thirty runs. Mr. Bligh and Mr. Morton, a fast bowler who did little with the ball in the first innings, made a considerable stand, and when the tenth wicket fell, Oxford was set the task of making some two hundred and seventy runs.

It is less difficult to prevent a side from attaining that score than to make it. Cambridge had the simpler task, but Mr. Webbe made it still more easy. It was tolerably plain that neither of the brothers was at home with the bowling, and when the Captain dropped an unutterably easy catch in the hands of Mr. Steel, the fate of Oxford was settled. Mr. Greene might have made a stand, but he was neatly taken at the wicket before he got a run. There was now no such thing as confidence. Oxford was morally beaten, and made no show of resistance. An aquatic Eleven would have played better than they did; a private school team would have shown more heart. There was no Mr. Game or Mr. Fowler to demoralize the slow bowler by hitting him anyhow—from the off-stump into the tennis-court. Encouraged by what he saw, Mr. Morton the fast bowler took heart, and bowling many times better than in the first innings, overthrew Mr. Hirst and Mr. Savory, and struck Mr. Evans on the leg in a way which the umpire pronounced to be fatal. Mr. Heath was the only batter who seemed, for a short time, undismayed; and even he did not, like Mr. Hirst, reach a double figure. The innings of thirty-two may be set against that which M.C.C. scored against the Australians at the beginning of the season. In excuse for Oxford it may be said that last week was the beginning of their season. Cricket in the marsh has been mere skittles, without the comfort and advantage even of "a dry alley."

Cambridge has reaped the success which was so unexpectedly snatched from her last year. No University Eleven for many years has possessed three, perhaps we should say four, better batsmen. None since the Oxford team of 1875 has shown such admirable fielding. Probably none since time began has enjoyed a better bowler than Mr. Steel. To set against all this, Oxford had two brilliant but uncertain batsmen, one gifted with a very steady defence, one first-rate bowler, perhaps six good fieldsmen, and the consciousness of deficient practice and of past failure. When Cambridge plays the Australians on the 22nd we shall see whether the majority of her batsmen can stand up to really excellent bowling, backed by fielding like their own. It may yet be seen that the early fall of the trusted players affects the nerves even of the triumphant University Eleven of 1878.

THE REVENUE RETURNS.

THE Revenue Returns for the quarter that ended on Sunday night are calculated to excite some little uneasiness. The ordinary expenditure this year exceeds that of last year by nearly a million and a half, and other large liabilities have been incurred; yet the receipts of the first three months, instead of rising proportionately, show a decrease, compared with the corresponding period of 1877, of more than 49,000*l.* And what is more serious, the falling off occurs in Excise, Stamps, and Income-tax, the items which are recognized as indicating the state of business and the condition of the people. It is true that there is a counterbalancing augmentation under the head of Customs; but this cannot be considered as a set-off. As it was foreseen that additional taxation must be imposed, there was a rush to clear through the Customs-house dutiable goods at the close of the last financial year, and in the few days of the present year that elapsed before the Budget was introduced. The quarter benefited in consequence. Moreover, the fourpence added to the Tobacco duties has probably begun to yield before now. The Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated the produce of that addition at three-quarters of a million for the whole year, and one-fourth of that sum would be 187,500*l.*, while the entire increase of the Customs is only 142,000*l.* It is not to be expected, in-

deed, that one-fourth would be received in the first quarter; still the figures just given forbid us to look upon the increment in the Customs as balancing the falling off in Excise, Stamps, and Income-tax. Evidently, the long-continued depression in trade, the prostration of the iron and coal, the cotton, woollen, and other great industries, the fear of war, and the consequent fall of wages, together with strikes, and scarcity of employment, are telling upon the prosperity of the country. Capitalists are earning smaller profits—in many cases they are fortunate if they escape loss; manufacturers receive fewer orders, and therefore have less demand for accommodation; workmen earn less, and consequently are unable to drink so much as formerly. This latter circumstance would be no misfortune if we could only hope that enforced temperance would form steadier habits. Unfortunately, we have no reason to do so. And it is to be remembered that less money for the beerhouse and the gin-palace means also less money for the butcher and baker, the bootmaker and the clothier. From a financial point of view, however, too much importance is not to be attached to these returns. Good Friday this year fell in April, last year in March. Consequently the quarter that ended on Sunday was one day shorter than the corresponding quarter of 1877, which would account for diminished receipts. Further, the alarm of war had not quite passed away until the quarter was well advanced; the Indian expedition to Malta was not announced for eleven or twelve days after the Budget statement had been made. And the collapse of the cotton trade must necessarily affect the revenue. Lastly, the haste of importers to clear dutiable goods was inevitably followed by a long period of slack imports. To a considerable extent, therefore, the falling off in the receipts is due to accidental, temporary, or exceptional causes. Besides, the first quarter affords no indication of what the course of events may be in the remaining three; and in the nature of things there must be an ebb and flow in the receipts. There is, therefore, abundant time for recovery, which, it may be hoped, will take place should the favourable prospects of the Congress be realized. As regards the Chancellor of the Exchequer's calculations, they cannot be said to be much affected thus far. The decrease in the old taxes is as yet too slight to be material, and, except the Tobacco duties, the new ones have not come into operation. The twopenny Income-tax put on, which is estimated to yield three millions in the current year, will not begin to be collected till January, the tax now in course of collection being only arrears standing over from the past year.

The decrease in the Excise amounts to 188,000*l.* As nearly twenty-three out of the twenty-seven and a half millions which, roughly speaking, are the produce of the Excise, are yielded by the duties on spirits and malt, there is, from the moralist's point of view, no reason to regret this diminution in the consumption of intoxicating drinks. But, as an indication of the purchasing power of the people, the decline in the receipts from this great source of revenue is a serious matter. After rising rapidly during the years that followed the Franco-German war, the Excise first became stationary, and of late has actually been falling off in productiveness. The absolute amount of the decrease, it is true, is not large. But the population of the country has been growing considerably during the same time. We showed some months since, when commenting upon the emigration statistics, that for the past two or three years immigration has practically balanced emigration. The population is, therefore, growing more rapidly than usual; and, with this extraordinary increase in the number of consumers, a decline in the consumption of excisable and, as we shall presently see, of customisable articles also, leaves no doubt that the prosperity of the country has distinctly suffered. But there is another side to the matter. The depression of trade is now in its fifth year—an exceptionally long period; and the advance of wages secured while prosperity, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, increased by leaps and bounds, has been entirely lost; in many cases, indeed, the reduction has carried wages lower than they were before 1871. Yet, if we compare the condition of this country with that of any other, we shall find that we have suffered but very slightly. We have attained to such a degree of solid prosperity that even a prolonged crisis rather checks further progress than causes decided retrogression. It would, however, be rash to push this reasoning too far, or to build upon it the conclusion that national extravagance is of no consequence. The true inference rather is that although, for a sufficient object, we could afford a very great addition to the public burdens, yet, in the absence of such object, the depression through which we are passing is a warning to Ministers not to trench upon the diminished means of the people. In Stamps, again, there is a falling off of 165,000*l.*, making with Excise a total decrease in the three months of 353,000*l.* The revenue derived from stamps is so very miscellaneous that it is impossible, without more information than we at present possess, to judge with any accuracy what significance attaches to a variation in its amount. The death of a few very rich persons may swell the receipts even when the general condition of the country is far from satisfactory. On the other hand, an unusually healthy season may produce a decline when, on other grounds, an increase might be looked for. There is, however, one branch of these receipts which, if stated by itself, would be as good a guide to the state of business as need be desired. We refer to the stamps on deeds, bills of exchange, and other negotiable instruments. These necessarily vary with the activity of transactions. As the quarterly returns are drawn up, they

afford no indication of the amount due to this source; but we know that during the past couple of years there has been a steady decrease under this head, and we seem warranted in assuming that the existing stagnation is reflected in the falling-off of 165,000*l.* during the first quarter, though probably it is not entirely due to this cause. The one other item which shows a diminution is Income-tax. At first sight it appears incomprehensible that there should be this decline when twopence has just been added to the tax. But, as we explained above, it is only arrears which are now being got in, and they are at the old rate of threepence. The present practice is to collect in the January quarter the bulk of the year's receipts, and, in accordance with this practice, the fivepenny rate will not come into operation, except in the case of dividends, until after Christmas. The small decline of 49,000*l.* is probably due to the diligence with which the tax was collected in March, leaving for the last quarter fewer arrears than ordinary. It is natural indeed to assume that the bad state of trade must have injuriously affected profits. But, on the other hand, it is certain that the yield of the tax in the March quarter was surprisingly productive.

We stated above that, unlike the items we have just been considering, the Customs show an augmentation of 142,000*l.*, but we added that this augmentation is less than one-fourth of the increase expected by the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the fourpenny increase of the Tobacco duties. It would seem to follow that the old Customs duties have at the least been stationary; and, as at the beginning of the quarter there was a hurry to clear goods, this would mean in fact that the old duties have been less productive. But it is possible that at first the addition to the Tobacco duties may have caused a decrease of consumption. In a letter which appeared in last Wednesday's *Standard* a Country Tobacco Dealer alleges that the increase of duty is so much resented by working-men as a class impost, that they have reduced their consumption to one-fourth, and that in consequence he, and others like him, have preferred to go back to the old prices—that is to say, to pay the duty themselves rather than lose their customers. If the experience of this dealer be at all common, the addition to the Tobacco duties cannot as yet have counted for much in the increase under the head of Customs, though no doubt a little time will overcome the opposition of working-men. Whatever may be the truth in this respect, the rush to clear goods forbids us to regard the growth of the Customs revenue as counterbalancing the falling-off under Excise and Income-tax. The increase of the Land-tax and House duty, amounting to 18,000*l.*, notwithstanding the concession made in the matter of the House duty, which Sir S. Northcote estimated would cause a loss of nearly 80,000*l.* on the whole year, is a more legitimate subject of satisfaction. Still more satisfactory is the augmentation of the Post Office receipts. The Post Office is now a Bank and Insurance Office as well as a carrier and distributor of letters and book parcels. The steady growth of its business is therefore a most welcome confirmation of what we observed above, that, in spite of depression and alarms of war, the condition of the country is not unsatisfactory. No doubt, below the customers of the Post Office there is a vast multitude of persons who seldom write or receive letters, and whose reduced sources of expenditure are reflected in the Excise and Customs receipts. But, after all, those for whom the Post Office provides accommodation are the great majority of the nation. The Telegraph Service and Crown Lands are neither better nor worse than in the corresponding quarter of last year. Interest on advances to local authorities grows with the growth of the advances themselves, and the Miscellaneous Revenue shows a considerable increase; but it is of too heterogeneous a character to allow of any inference being drawn from this fact. On the whole, the returns are calculated to warn Ministers of the necessity for strict economy. The old elasticity of the revenue has for the moment disappeared. In its place we find the great sources of income declining in productiveness, and giving evidence of diminished purchasing power on the part of the people. It is no time for extravagance or loose supervision on the part of the Treasury.

THE THEATRES.

WE have already expressed our conviction that there is no ground for the disappointment which some people seem to have felt in *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Opéra Comique. The play seems to us to be brisker than *The Sorcerer*, and certainly not inferior to it in humorous qualities; and Mr. Sullivan's music is throughout bright and pleasant. Mr. Gilbert is at his best, it seems to us, as a writer, when he can give full play to his talent for stringing together coherent nonsense, and giving a fantastic turn to everyday things. *H.M.S. Pinafore* is full of the quaintest conceits and the most extravagant absurdities, which the actors, entering into the writer's spirit, perform as if they were the most ordinary occurrences. The absurdity, too, is throughout consistent. Thus, when a sailor approaches the Captain, and says to him mysteriously, "I'm come to give you warning," it appears quite in the nature of things that the Captain should reply, "Indeed! Do you propose to leave the navy then?" Again, it is impossible not to sympathize with the enthusiasm of the crew when in a chorus they exalt the patriotism displayed by the hero in being an Englishman:—

For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman;

For he might have been a Roossian,
A French, or Turk, or Proossian,
Or perhaps Italian;
But, in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.

The interpretation of the piece is, on the whole, decidedly good. Special praise may be given to Mr. George Grossmith's representation of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who is always accompanied by a bevy of sisters, cousins, and aunts, and who, "when the breezes blow, generally goes below, and seeks the seclusion that a cabin grants." As may be guessed from what has been said, the distinguishing quality of *H.M.S. Pinafore* is what Mr. Gall, in Peacock's *Headlong Hall*, called *unexpectedness*, and this would certainly lose half its effect if the players appeared to be conscious that what they were going to do or say was ridiculous. From observing the performance of Mr. Gilbert's piece one can imagine how much more humorous the tragedy in *The Critic* would appear if it were played with a becoming gravity, instead of being overlaid, as it generally is, with unmeaning buffoonery.

Love or Life, a drama founded on one of Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Meritt, has been played for some time past at the Olympic. Mr. Tom Taylor is clever in hitting upon good dramatic material, as he has shown in various acknowledged and unacknowledged adaptations from the French stage. But he has also the singular knack of spoiling the material when he has got it. One would conclude from Mr. Tom Taylor's plays that he has considerable knowledge of stage effect and scarcely any poetic perception or original fancy. Had he much of these qualities he would surely never have changed, as he and his brother author have done, the conclusion of Crabbe's tale. The one merit which has generally distinguished Mr. Tom Taylor's dramatic writing—effectiveness—seems to have disappeared since his association with Mr. Paul Meritt. The play which these two authors produced some time ago at the St. James's under the name of *Such is the Law* was the very essence of dreariness; and if *Love or Life* does not rival it in this respect, it at least cannot be called the essence of liveliness. It is matter for regret that so good a company as that at the Olympic should be employed in rendering so unattractive a piece as *Love or Life*. Mr. Neville, Mr. Flockton, and Mr. Forbes Robertson are all good in parts which are unworthy of their talents, and Mrs. Dion Boucicault's playing of the heroine is excellent.

A more striking instance of talent employed upon work which cannot be said to be fit for it is found in the representation at the Haymarket of "*The Hornet's Nest*, in two buzzes and a stinger, written expressly for Mr. Sothern by Henry J. Byron." It is perhaps not unnatural that people who did not appreciate the study and finish of Mr. Sothern's Fitzaltamont should be highly pleased with the actor's performance of Sydney Spoonbill in *The Hornet's Nest*. In the former case they saw an entirely new figure, unlike anything which Mr. Sothern had presented to them before—a strange, weird, and not unattractive being whom Mr. Sothern had created; for the common report that his Fitzaltamont was a caricature of a living person who is notorious in New York was unfounded. They were accustomed to see Mr. Sothern either as Dundreary or David Garrick, or as one of the stock heroes of light comedy or farce, and they seemed to resent his appearing in a new and unexpected light. In *The Hornet's Nest* Mr. Sothern has no opportunity for distinct impersonation; he walks about the stage, and utters quaint sayings with the ease and finish that only talent, study, and practice can produce; but all that he has to do might be done with a certain degree of success by any light comedian. We do not mean that any light comedian could make an utterly ill-constructed and ill-written piece attractive as Mr. Sothern succeeds in doing; on the contrary, if Spoonbill were entrusted to an ordinary player, the piece would hardly be endurable. But we do mean that there is, in the true sense of the word, nothing to act in the part. Mr. Spoonbill is a young man who, in order apparently to convince himself of his own astuteness, allows himself to fall into the hands of a crew of sharpers, and assumes to them an air of excessive simplicity, which he suddenly throws off to unmask them. To the question why did he not unmask them at once no reasonable answer can be given, except that this would not have suited Mr. Byron's purpose. There are several funny lines in the piece, to which Mr. Sothern, without any display of emphasis, contrives to give wonderful point. Mr. Spoonbill, by way, it may be supposed, of imposing more completely upon the unfortunate rascals whom he lures to their ruin, assumes an extremely matter-of-fact disposition, which leads him to interpret literally everything that is said to him. Thus, when a sporting friend, entrapping him into a disadvantageous bet, inquires, "What do you say to monkeys?" Spoonbill replies, "I never say anything to monkeys. What would be the use?" Mr. Sothern's manner of delivering this bit of nonsense elevates it for the moment into wit. In the last scene of the play the actor gets a chance of at least indicating the depth of his resource in a scene of love-making, which he plays with singular delicacy and skill. At one point he raises his hand to stroke the head of the girl, but cannot find determination to carry out his intention, and so holds it hovering for a while about her head and then draws it back. The tenderness, the devotion, and the timidity of the action are so illustrated by Mr. Sothern as to become pathetic. A fresh illustration of the danger of an actor allowing himself to become too exclusively identified with a particular line of part is found in the fact that at this point

many of the audience laugh, probably out of a sense of duty; although it may be that, in some cases, laughter is assumed as being preferable to any other acknowledgment of emotion.

Other parts in the piece are well played by Mr. Conway, Mr. Howe, and Mr. Everill, while Mr. George Holland gives a painfully exaggerated sketch of a fraudulent butler. There must be pleasure derivable from any exhibition of so complete an art as Mr. Sothern's; but it is deplorable that so clever and finished an actor as he is should have so infinitesimal a chance of showing what he can really do as is afforded him by the incoherent absurdities of *The Hornet's Nest*.

We cannot close this article without adding a word to the general expressions of regret which have been caused by the death of Mr. Charles Mathews. Mr. Mathews's performances were so well known that we need say no more of his skill and fame as an actor than that in his own peculiar line he has left no successor. There was a kind of personal charm in his acting which made itself felt in every part which he played—a charm which belonged to him in private life as well as upon the stage. Mr. Mathews was one of those few men of whom one never hears an unkind thing said.

REVIEWS.

TAINÉ'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

"ABLE editors," says Mr. Carlyle, "compile books from the Bastille archives." Whatever good there may be to the world in an able editor there is in M. Taine, and whatever profit may be drawn from the Bastille archives may be drawn from a volume which condenses the archives not only of metropolitan but of provincial France. No one has so burrowed into archives as M. Taine, or given his readers so much of the literature of archives. He accumulates facts on facts, and facts have no doubt a valuable place in history. So far, too, as regards grouping these extracts rapidly together and managing the transition from one group to another, M. Taine is really an able editor. He instructs us as a well-drawn brief instructs counsel. But the historical reader cannot live on facts and extracts from archives. There is no penetrating thought, no literary charm in this volume. Of all historians of the French Revolution M. Taine is the dullest. To read his work is like reading the column of births, deaths, and marriages in a copy of the *Times* twenty years old. We find, no doubt, a record of facts arranged in groups, and may know, if we care to know, that so many human beings were once born, married, or died. Nor have M. Taine's facts the merit of substantial novelty. We never get beyond the materials out of which Mr. Carlyle framed his history. All that is new is the quantity of facts. Our able editor has given us more of what he found in his archives, and that is all. Industry of this kind is to be praised, but we may praise it once and wish to have done with it. Where Mr. Carlyle would tell us that châteaux were burnt in Poitou, M. Taine would tell us specifically of ten Poitevin châteaux that were burnt. Perhaps it may be satisfactory to the English reader that once for all a French writer should have taken the trouble to put together the materials on which Mr. Carlyle founded his epigrammatic or poetical statements. M. Taine has discharged this humble duty, and discharged it well. But when we once know that ample evidence has been given of the accuracy and width of Mr. Carlyle's information, we may let M. Taine's book alone. There are certainly a few general remarks in it, but they are of the feeblest and most obvious kind. That the revolutionary horrors were horrible is undeniable, and the most superficial of able editors must be supposed to be capable of making the remark. That, when all other authorities had perished, the mob governed, and governed atrociously badly, is a fact in French history with which the world has long been familiar. But what are the dry bones of moral remarks in M. Taine are in Mr. Carlyle bits of living philosophy. For the English reader therefore M. Taine's volume is as valuable and as valueless as an able editor's compilation from archives can be; and all that can be said is that, if life was three times as long as it is, this volume might be worth studying.

But M. Taine writes for Frenchmen, not for Englishmen, and his volume has excited a commotion in the literary circles of Paris which seems almost incomprehensible to an English reader. It has cost him his seat in the Academy; for, while it procured him the support of the friends of the Duke of Broglie, it awakened the vehement opposition of the friends of those who have sent the Duke of Broglie into the shade. In the Republican party there has grown up a Republican legend, and it is comfortably assumed that the Republic was from the outset something beautiful, innocent, and spotless. As the legend is not true, it is just as well that it should be shown on irresistible evidence not to be true. There is nothing in M. Taine's book that ought to be new to a Republican who has bestowed the most elementary attention on French history. We do not mean that M. Taine's book is really a fair book if it is to be taken as a history of the Revolution, in the sense in which Mr. Carlyle's *History* is a fair book. The decrepitude and rottenness

* *Les origines de la France contemporaine*. Par M. Taine. La Révolution. Tome 1. Paris: Hachette. 1878.

of the existing social and political system when the Revolution burst out, and the germs of national improvement and greatness that lay hid in a movement which at the outset presented many hideous features, are almost, if not quite, ignored. To make such things prominent even while all the hideous features of the movement are brought into full light is the task of an historian, and Mr. Carlyle has discharged it. But M. Taine is not an historian properly so called, and he ought to be judged purely as the able editor that he is. He might perhaps say that the glorifying of the Revolution has been done, and very much overdone, by others. He merely wants to bring to the knowledge of his countrymen facts which it is useful for them to know. For this medicinal purpose, for the mere purging away of misconceptions, a steady, heavy compilation from archives may be really useful. No one can doubt after reading M. Taine's book that, long before the Jacobin time commenced, atrocious deeds were done in every part of France by a panic-stricken, hunger-worn, ignorant, brutal peasantry. Any one can draw from this fact such conclusions as he pleases; he may even think it shows that a hundred years afterwards it was expedient that the Duke of Broglie should be enabled to carve a mild military President. The Republicans of to-day must have very little to say for themselves if they cannot make it point to a different conclusion. But still facts are facts; and, if any Frenchman thinks the national archives do not show what they do show, let him learn and own that he is wrong.

M. Taine divides his volume into three books, the first of which treats of what he terms "Spontaneous Anarchy." The people were suffering from scarcity, which in some places amounted to famine. They were also just beginning to hope. New ideas had shot through their minds. They believed that a good time was coming, and that they had been left free to bring it about in their own way. There was a decay, and then an end, of government. There was no ruling force in those who nominally had the government of France committed to them. King, Ministers, aristocracy, provincial authorities were not tyrannical, but utterly helpless. A people excited by hopes, panic-stricken by famine, galled by the oppressive customs of the *ancien régime*, found itself in presence of a governing body that was not without good intentions, but had no spirit, sense, method, or coherence, and so it took to governing itself; and its government lapsed into anarchy, and brigands sprang into a hideous prominence, and petty hatreds and local jealousies were satisfied with the shedding of blood, the insulting and spoiling of the weak, and the giving of houses to the flames. This, in the main, is the story of 1789 in France; and this was the first form assumed by the French Revolution. That such was its first form is perfectly familiar to all readers of Mr. Carlyle. What M. Taine adds is a minute painting of that which Mr. Carlyle portrays by broad touches. It is as if a new painter, following in the wake of Hogarth, chose to paint ten rakes going through ten progresses. No doubt the accumulation of details increases to some degree the strength of the impression produced. "Seventeen châteaux," says Mr. Carlyle, in writing of July and August 1787, "have flamed aloft in the Maconnais and Beaujolais alone; this seems the centre of the conflagration, but it has spread over Dauphiné, Alsace, the Lyonnais; the whole South-East is in a blaze. All over the North, from Rouen to Metz, disorder is abroad; smugglers of salt go in armed bands; the barriers of towns are burnt; toll-gatherers, tax-gatherers, official persons, put to flight. Ferocity, atrocity, hunger and revenge; such work as we can imagine." But M. Taine does not wish us to be at the trouble of imagining anything. He has his archives in which he can dig, and he digs hard. At Falaise in Normandy, we are told, the people were disposed to hack in pieces a director of taxes. At Baignes a director's house was burnt down, and his little boy made to abjure his father's calling. In Alsace the peasants would not be at the trouble of cutting down forests, but set them on fire. At Choiseul, not only were all the hares and partridges exterminated, but the ponds were cleared of their fish. At Secondigny, in Poitou, the workmen somehow received a letter empowering them to make the Seigneurs sign the renunciation of their privileges. So they seized on a M. Despretz Montpezan, and made him sign under threat of tearing his heart out and burning down his house if he refused. Near Mans a noble and his son-in-law were accused of having voted wrongly in the Assembly of the States-General and of buying up corn. They were seized, trodden on, spat on, and killed. A workman cut off their heads, which the children carried about to the sound of the drum. The local judges were made to come and draw up a *procès verbal* of what was found in their pockets; and justice was thought to be satisfied when thirty louis were found on one of them, as that was a sufficient proof that they were devoted to regnating. At Guebwiller five hundred peasants burst into the palace of the Abbot and the house of the Canonesses. Sideboards, beds, windows, looking-glasses, frames, the tiles on the roof, even the hinges of the windows, were hacked to pieces. The Abbot's splendid coach was smashed; the plate and linen were carried away. With such details in abundance M. Taine's archives furnish him. It is by these minute strokes that he gives a novel effect to his sketch. He helps us to avoid all uncertainty on points as to which, but for his aid, we might have been in doubt. We might have known that hungry people took partridges and hares; but we might not have been sure what became of the carp. We might have understood generally that a house was sacked; but we might not have had any clear idea as to what became of the plate and linen.

The second book is entitled "The Constituent Assembly and its

Work." This part of the volume is less dependent on researches into archives than the rest, for it deals chiefly with the principles on which the new Constitution was based, and gives an opening to M. Taine to show how bad or defective he thinks those principles were. But M. Taine has only a very old tale to tell. He points out that those who framed the Constitution had no practical experience, and that, as they were prompted by new thoughts which they did not comprehend with any distinctness, and were in a state of excitement and believed far too much in themselves, they swept away with too rough a hand what they might merely have improved. They should, he thinks, have used the aristocracy and the Church, and turned them to their legitimate purposes, and not have tried to get rid of them entirely. He draws a delightful picture of what a good aristocracy and a good Church may do for a nation. That they may do much we in England may readily admit, and we might with equal readiness admit that a bad aristocracy and a bad Church may do much harm. The French at the time of the Revolution had not got either a good aristocracy or a good Church. But this does not mean, as M. Taine seems to take it to mean, that the aristocracy and Church were uniformly represented by bad men. Among the governing classes in France in 1789 there were many virtuous, considerate, well-meaning men, and these men were often treated with a brutal and savage harshness which they did not at all deserve. But an institution may be so bad that a good minority cannot save it, and it is difficult to see what, among the political benefits an aristocracy can confer on a nation, were practically conferred on France by the French aristocracy. It is true that this aristocracy might have been improved, but it is one of the severest condemnations which can be passed on it that it had previously so conducted itself that the notion that it could be improved did not for a moment occur to any of those who had to frame the Constitution. There were, too, numberless defects and absurdities in the Constitution, against which Mr. Carlyle has directed satire far more keen than that of M. Taine. The position, for example, carved out for the King was altogether an impossible one. He was not even allowed to be the comfortable hog whose lot excited the derision of Napoleon. On this and many other points the framers of the Constitution fell into the absurd blunder of thinking that to put a regulation on paper and to make it work were the same thing. Let it be admitted once for all that the framers of the Constitution were conceited, ignorant busybodies, that they were controlled by the mob, and that the mob was passionate, savage, and a prey to the vainest delusions. But to study the French Revolution it is no use to study it by halves. It suits M. Taine's humour as an archivist entirely to omit the relations of the governing classes in France with foreign Powers. It may be presumed that those who were busy in forming these relations did not often commit their designs to paper. If M. Taine could but have given us specimens of the communications that passed between the enemies of the Constituent Assembly in France and its enemies out of France, his archives would have supplied us with very interesting matter. But he leaves us to remember for ourselves, or to read in the pages of Mr. Carlyle, that not only had France no governing class capable of doing its duty, but that the class that ought to have been the governing class devoted all its energies to getting foreigners to help it in a civil war. The prodigious belief of the French revolutionists in themselves and their inventions is a fair subject of ridicule, but this belief was greatly strengthened and partly caused by the necessity of doing something, and of feeling capable of doing something, under the pressure of a threatened foreign invasion.

The last book of M. Taine's volume bears the most inappropriate title of "La Constitution appliquée." Any one would naturally imagine that he was going to read of a period when the Constitution had been made, and the experiment was being tried how it would work. This is not at all what M. Taine means. He goes back over all his old ground. He collects once more all the acts of lawlessness he can find from the summer of 1789 to the middle of 1791, sometimes coming down a little later and carrying us to 1792, or even 1793. It is difficult to see how transactions that took place before the Constitution was dreamed of, or while it was in process of formation, can be turned into illustrations of the foolish character of this Constitution as revealed by attempts to apply it. There is, too, something very confusing, from an historical point of view, in this heaping together of incidents which occurred at very different dates and under different political circumstances, merely because they happened at the same place, or are somewhat of the same character. The Constitution was accepted by the King, and the Constituent Assembly ended its labours, in September 1791, just after the meeting of Pillnitz in the preceding August, when the Emperor and the King of Prussia in conference with the leading French emigrants had announced that the position of things in France could not be tolerated. The Constitution never was applied, for long before it was made all the elements that rendered it impossible were at work. The army had melted away, the King was practically a prisoner in Paris, the peasants had burnt château after château, the taxes could not be collected, the emigration was in full flow. That any Constitution could be of use in such a state of things was impossible, and the particular Constitution pitched upon was absurd. Criticism can make easy victims of the Constitution and its authors. It is not, however, writing history, but a piece of ill-digested invective, to describe all that happened beforehand to make this wretched Constitution necessarily a failure under the

title of "The Constitution Applied." Even as an archivist M. Taine sometimes disappoints us. He gives us a long story of an unfortunate country gentleman who was killed by the mob, and he adds an animated account, just as if he had been present, of a banquet made by some of the miscreants on the roasted arm of the victim. This is horrible, and we naturally look for the authority on which M. Taine relies. We find it to be an article from a newspaper in which the writer alleges that legal proceedings taken at Lyons had established the fact. This may or may not have been the case, but M. Taine has nothing to tell us from his own researches. The statement of a newspaper writer is enough for him. That a brutal French mob was brutal enough to feast on a dead man's limb is quite possible, but an archivist, if he gives us nothing else, may be expected to give not possibilities, but facts. However, this is an exceptional instance. M. Taine has studied his archives industriously, and we need feel little hesitation in accepting the result of his researches as good evidence, and taking it for what it is worth. It is worth something, but not much. A little is added to our knowledge of the details of the French Revolution. It is surprising how small this addition is, and how entirely Mr. Carlyle, writing forty years ago in a foreign country, and without access to all M. Taine's archives, has skimmed the cream of M. Taine's narrative. But it is impossible to say that more details do not make us know more. All that can be said is that, as a work of philosophy or history, this volume is very thin and poor, and that dipping into archives may only carry a writer a very short way towards an intelligent comprehension of complicated and varied historical phenomena.

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOMERIC POEMS.*

THE part of the vast Homeric question which Professor Geddes has dealt with in a volume full of laborious research is "the mutual relation and connexion" of the Iliad and Odyssey. He has tried to "determine" this connexion "from the internal evidence alone." Perhaps the heart of the reader will sink within him when he learns that this is the method of Professor Geddes. There is no form of literature more weary and futile than the greater proportion of the works which profess to examine the internal evidence as to the structure of the Homeric poems. There is scarcely a page of the Iliad or Odyssey that some German or Englishman (the French do not find the controversy amusing) has not rejected on "internal evidence," or declared to be older or later than the rest of the *épopée*, a primitive *lied*, or a spurious imitation. It is very greatly to Professor Geddes's credit that his book can be read with lively interest by a student of early poetry. He is so certain of his own meaning on the whole, so enthusiastic, so learned, and so skilled in marshalling his facts, that, though one dissents, one reads with enjoyment, fighting, as it were, a running battle with the arguments advanced by the author.

The theory of Professor Geddes as to the "mutual relation and connexion" of the Iliad and the Odyssey admits of being briefly stated. He is a *Chorizon* of a new school, a separatist with ideas of his own. He agrees with Mr. Grote that there is a double authorship in the Iliad, "an Achilleid within the Iliad"; and he advances, as his own discovery, "a close connexion between the Odyssey and the non-Achilleian books of the Iliad, and a remarkable convergence of the evidence to associate both of those with the one personal Homer of tradition." The "Achilleid," the older portion of the Iliad—the "palæozoic" portion, as Professor Geddes likes to call it—is to be found in Books I., VIII., XI.-XXII. The "non-Achilleian," or, as Professor Geddes styles them, the "neozoic" or "Ulyssean" books are Books II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., IX., X., XXIII., XXIV. Now, as Professor Geddes lays great stress on the more rude and uncultivated life depicted in the "Achilleian" as contrasted with the "Ulyssean" books and with the Odyssey, we were amazed to find him admitting Book XVIII., with the account of the Shield, and of the most idyllic peaceful life and the highest triumphs of art, among the "Achilleian" fragments. We had intended to occupy this unprotected position, but Professor Geddes has guarded it. In a foot-note (p. 47) he says:—"It does not follow that every portion in the books named as 'Achilleian' is as ancient as the main portion, and in particular there is reason to believe that this applies to . . . the episode of the Shield in Σ or the Eighteenth." In another passage Professor Geddes calls the Shield "Ulyssean." Now it is not easy to deal with an antagonist who is at liberty to call any portions of the Achilleian books which make against him "Ulyssean," or to put them aside, as Professor Geddes does three times at least, as "echoes" of Achilleian notes. We are content, however, to let Professor Geddes take the Homeric commentator's usual privileges. We may here quote a brief, but tolerably, complete statement of his whole theory:—

Apart from interpolations and in general terms it may be said that the Homeric Corpus of Iliad and Odyssey falls asunder into two great sections—on the one hand the Achilleid, and, on the other, the non-Achilleid, *plus* the Odyssey, and the theory which I have to put forth is that a poet, who is also the author of the Odyssey, has engrafted on a more ancient poem, the Achilleid, splendid and vigorous saplings of his own, transforming and enlarging it into an Iliad, but an Iliad in which the engrafting is not absolutely complete, where the "sutures" are still visible.

Advancing very properly from the better-known poem, the more

* *The Problem of the Homeric Poems.* By William D. Geddes, LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

modern, the poem which least divides Homeric critics—namely, the Odyssey—Professor Geddes states some of its most characteristic features, and goes on to look for the recurrence of these in the Ulyssean and Achilleian books of the Iliad. Naturally he finds the characteristics of the Odyssey much more marked and frequent in what he calls the Ulyssean than in the Achilleian cantos. What are these characteristics? First, there is the "criterion as to geographical knowledge," which our limits do not permit us to enlarge upon. Next, there is the "criterion as to humour and pathos." Professor Geddes finds abundance of these qualities in the Odyssey, and in the Ulyssean portions of the Iliad. Then he writes, "We have now to ask, what is the position of the Achilleid in regard to these elements of Humour and Pathos? The answer is a simple one. There is nothing that can be called Pathos, and the Humour, where it appears, is simply sarcasm, very grim and barbaric." Professor Geddes has been reduced to occupy this amazing position by the arithmetical method. Like Mr. Floay, he is a counter of words, and he presents the results of his researches in arithmetical tables, thus—

HIERATIC.		Ach.		Ul.		Od.	
χρυσόθρονος	3	0	0	of Heré	
κούρη (θυγάτηρ, τέκος)	Διός	...	5	7	7	of Pallas	
αἰγυόχοιο	8	7	7		
Add above...	34	8	0		
				42	15	7	

To take another example, Professor Geddes writes:—

Another dark spot on the character of the Dog is his devouring propensity exercised on the dead. Again, the shadow is darkest in the Achilleid. About twenty-four instances can be reckoned up in which that propensity is referred to as a familiar thing. In the Ulyssean cantos, if the same proportion were to hold, under a common authorship, there ought to be sixteen instances; there are only seven.

If poetry could be criticized in this way, criticism would require little taste. No other process, we are certain, could have led Professor Geddes flatly to deny the existence of "pathos" in the Achilleian books of the Iliad. By way of reminding him of the beauties to which arithmetic has made him blind, let us quote the words of Achilles to Patroclus (xvi. 7).

τίπτε δαδάκρυσται, Πάτροκλεϊς; ἤτε κούρη
νηπίη, ἥθ' ἄμα μητρὶ θεοῦ ἀνέλεσθαι ἄνθρωγε,
εἰανού ἀποτμήνη, καὶ τ' ἐσσυμένην κατερύκει
δακρύνουσα δέ μιν προτιδέρεται, ὄφρ' ἀνέλθαι
τῇ ἱκέλος, Πάτροκλε, κ. τ. λ.

"Wherefore weepest thou, Patroclus, even as a little maid, that running by her mother's side, prays to be carried, and catches her mother's gown, and stays her in her going, looking up through her tears, and all to be taken in her mother's arms; like that little maid, Patroclus, thou weepest." These tender words of a lover and observer of children belong to the Achilleid—the not yet "softened and humanized" Achilles of the Achilleian Books, XXIII. XXIV. Again, Professor Geddes actually quotes, in another connexion, the touching and most modern lines (xii. 433):—

ὥστε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερσίνης ἀληθῆς,
ἣ τε σταθμὸν ἔχοντα καὶ εἰριον, ἀμφὶς ἀνέλκει
ισάζουσα, ἵνα παῖδιν ἀεκέα μισθὸν ἄρῃται.

Yet he sweepingly denies pathos to the "palæozoic Achilleid."

It is a point with Professor Geddes to show that the heroes bear one character in the Odyssey and Ulyssean books, another in the Achilleid. Achilles, for example, has "a double aspect." In the Achilleid "there is no touch of *ἥθος* or feeling for aught beyond himself and his own honour; and apart from his intense love for his second self, Patroclus." Now the very position and doom of Achilles, "whom Thetis bore, the bravest of men to her sorrow," is as moving as anything in literature. The constant knowledge of his early death is never absent, and so wonderfully pathetic is the situation that it makes even the *Deidamie* of M. de Banville a beautiful and touching poem. As to Achilles's want of feeling, compare the lament over Patroclus (xix. 321), where the hero declares that not the tale of his own father's death, who mourns for him in Phthia and ever awaits his coming, nor of the death of his own child Neoptolemos, whom Patroclus should have led to Phthia when Achilles was overcome by fate, could be more grievous to him than the fall of his companion in arms. Thus the Achilles of the "Achilleid" shows on the earth the loving-kindness that, in the Odyssey, he cherishes in Hades. We have more comments to make about Achilles. Professor Geddes says that he is "softened and humanized" in the two last, "the Ulyssean," books of the Iliad, by the art of the younger poet. Again, in an argument intended to prove that the poet of the "Palæozoic" Achilleid cares less about dogs than the poet of the "Neozoic" Odyssey and the Ulyssean books, he says that no hero in the Achilleid keeps pet dogs, *τραπείζης*. In the Ulyssean Book XXIII. (173), a dozen pet dogs of Patroclus are mentioned. Now in that very passage the "softened and humanized" Achilles performs the worst of his *atrocities*, as Professor Geddes calls them; he sacrifices twelve Trojan youths on the pyre of Patroclus. This is so grievous an "atrocious" that an amiable mythologist once explained that the twelve slain young men were nothing but the red clouds over the setting sun. Now if a younger and more gentle poet could add the twelve dogs, he could get rid of the twelve murders. We must suppose either that the Ulyssean poet saw no

harm in the murders, or that the Achilleian poet wrote the passage and did not object to the dogs. The fact is, as any but an arithmetical critic can see, that the savagery of Achilles's character is mainly a result of "the wrath," and that a poet naturally represents his character as softened when the wrath and the thirst for vengeance are assuaged. One need not imagine two poets to account for the difference.

We might go through all the persons criticized by Professor Geddes in this way, and show that their characters vary according to the circumstances in which they are placed by the conduct of the tale. Take Helen, for example; "in the Achilleid it is remarkable how seldom this heroine is referred to, and then somewhat disparagingly." The fact is, that in the Ulyssean books we are introduced to Troy, and see Helen in her Trojan, as in the Odyssey we see her in her Spartan home. Naturally she is spoken of when she is present, while little is said about her when she is absent. Mr. Geddes notes that she has thirty-one complimentary adjectives in the Ulyssean books and the Odyssey, none in the Achilleid. The truth is, that she is only named seven times in the Achilleid—four times she is called ἡκόμος (quite as complimentary an adjective as τανίπεπλος), once ῥιγδαῖν by Achilles in his grief, and twice has no adjective attached to her name. Unless the people in the camp were to be constantly cursing her, why should she be mentioned when she was not present? Again, the Odysseus of the Ulyssean books is necessarily more prominent than the Odysseus of the books where Achilles is the chief hero. If Odysseus shares the panic described in the Eighth Book, that is because Zeus caused the dread. In the "Achilleian" Book, xi. 310, he performs a very great feat in arms. He it is who reanimates the terror-stricken Achæans, and, wounded and surrounded, resists the whole press of Trojans. It is true he is compared to a stag, but to a stag at bay among the jackals. Professor Geddes, like Fäsi, thinks the "stag simile awkward," as stags have no reputation for courage. Therefore he recognizes the hand of the Achilleian bard, who is no friend of Odysseus. He has forgotten

If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear.

The compliment is really greater than that which is paid when the warrior is likened to a boar. As to Odysseus "screaming" "as loud as the head of the wight could bawl" (so Professor Geddes actually proposes to translate

αὐτὸν δ' ἐταίρους·
τρίς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἦσαν, ὅσον κεφαλὴ χυδα φωτός)

the word "scream" is ill chosen—with a purpose. Odysseus had little need to be ashamed of summoning aid by his war cry, for Roland blew his horn in no greater strait. We think we have cleared the character of the Achilleian Odysseus from any charge of cowardice, and that of the Achilleian Achilles from the accusation of unfeeling selfishness. They would never have been slandered except by a theorist.

We have made notes of similar purport on every branch of Professor Geddes's argument. Briefly, our position is that the so-called "Ulyssean" books of the Iliad resemble the Odyssey more than the Achilleian books do, because the "Ulyssean" books happen to treat more of life in Troy and in the Olympian consistency than the books devoted to the wrath and exploits of Achilles. Their matter is the more peaceful side of life, within the city walls, and on Olympus; therefore they inevitably approach nearer to the tone of the Odyssey. Within the city walls you have art and architecture, domestic affection, and conjugal love; in the camp you find little art, no wives, and little information about the family. Professor Geddes might as well analyse Mr. Hawley Smart's *Breeze Langton* and his *Bound to Win*, and give the Crimean part of *Breeze Langton* to a palæozoic Hawley Smart, the English part and *Bound to Win* to a neozoic Hawley Smart, as divide Iliad and Odyssey on the same principle. It is plain that, on the hypothesis that the same poet composed both Iliad and Odyssey, he would inevitably put his more peaceful scenes and his references to domestic furniture into the books that deal with Troy and with the family, whether Trojan or Olympian. Mr. Geddes sees this when he speaks of Helen's part in the Odyssey and the Ulyssean books (pp. 109, 110). We shall give two examples of the most touching domestic feeling in an "Achilleian" book. Zeus has been threatening Athene very much in the tone of a "blustering" English father, and the favourite daughter returns a soft answer. Then Zeus replies, smiling, with a kind of tender humour,

τὴν δ' ἐπιμεΐδοντας προσέφη νεφέληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
θάρασι, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὐ γὰρ τι θυμῷ
πρόδρομον μνέομαι· ἰδέτω δέ τοι ἥπιος εἶναι.

Alcinous could not have spoken more sweetly to Nausicaa. In the same "Achilleian" book (lines 187—190) Hector (who, according to Professor Geddes, should in an Achilleian book care very little for horses, and for home still less) addresses his steeds, and reminds them how Andromache fed them even before she cared for the wants of him, her dear lord,

ὅσπερ σοὶ θαλερὸς πόσις εὖχομαι εἶναι.

One could go on with such examples for ever, but we must find space for an instance of Professor Geddes's mode of argument. He is anxious to make out that the quarrels between the gods are mainly confined to the "Achilleian" cantoes. Now there is a quarrel in Book IV., a "Ulyssean" book. Professor Geddes says (p. 132) that it "cannot be said to indicate domestic strife in so pro-

nounced a form, and indeed the aspect of Olympus at the beginning of this Ulyssean book is comparatively quiescent." Very well. Now in p. 154 (foot-note 8) Professor Geddes says that in this very passage (IV. 35) "Zeus taunts Heré with cannibal propensities." We ourselves should have said that the taunt "indicated domestic strife" in a very pronounced form indeed. In this discussion Professor Geddes frequently congratulates himself on "being on scientific ground." Want of space prevents us from applying the "elenchus" to almost every one of his positions, but perhaps enough has been said to show that they crumble, one by one, into the sand on which this house of novel theory is founded. After all, there is no such thing as an arithmetical calculus in these matters. We do not pretend to have any theory as to the mutual relation and connexion of Odyssey and Iliad; but Professor Geddes's arguments have made us incline more than formerly to the belief that in their present shape these epics were formed by one and the same supreme poet. Let us suppose, however, that Professor Geddes is right in his main theory. Then we should know that the Achilleid was in its original shape the composition probably of a Thessalian bard, and that the Ulyssean books and the Odyssey are the composition of a later Ionian minstrel. As to the mode of composition (which was prior to the use of writing for literary purposes, according to Professor Geddes), as to the historical elements in the épopée, as to the Assyrian and Egyptian relations of Achæans and Dardanians, we are still but ill-informed. Indeed Professor Geddes (p. 340) affirms that the art of writing was "practically unknown for ordinary literary purposes during a considerable period after the Homeric poems had been composed," and (p. 341), "that the poems, though memorially composed, were soon committed to writing." The difficulty of reconciling these two statements lies on the threshold of the Homeric Problem.

OUR LIFE AND TRAVELS IN INDIA.*

THE author of this bulky volume, while serving as staff-surgeon in Guernsey, in the summer of 1873, was suddenly ordered to take medical charge of a regiment bound for India. We gather that he had previously seen some service in that country. He remained about two years on duty at the stations of Faizabad, Gwalior or Morar, and Rawul Pindi; and he also travelled many thousands of miles and saw "many strange and interesting sights." Now a lifetime spent in India is by no means an essential condition for writing a book about it. It is such a vast country; it dovetails in such an extraordinary manner the legislation of the nineteenth century with the fables of Rama; it teems with so many incidents capable of being treated, by pen and pencil, in half-a-dozen different ways, that we do not undertake to say that a valuable book, or article, or series of letters, may not be the legitimate result of a short trip of six months in the cold season of the year. But we do say that this worthy Doctor has not justified the 450 pages which vanity or the request of friends has induced him to publish. There was nothing peculiar or exceptional in any one of his experiences. His style is diffuse, and, if we may use the expression, flabby. Not one of his comments or criticisms is remarkable for point, penetration, novelty, or epigrammatic force. He has certainly, as we shall show presently, enriched Indian annals with several facts not generally known even to diligent students. And he has borrowed considerably from such a standard work as Elphinstone and such an excellent local guide as Mr. H. G. Keene. He also refers to the *Hinduism* of Mr. Monier Williams. We apprehend that he means to quote the "Indian Wisdom" of that well-travelled Sanskrit scholar. We will venture to say that a score of country houses and quiet vicarages in England contain letters written home by sons and nephews serving in India that are ten times more worthy of publication than the jottings and diaries which Dr. Wakefield complacently thinks ought to look well in print. His work has neither the accuracy which distinguishes official compilations, nor the new lights which men of cultivation and intelligence constantly throw on well-beaten subjects, nor the grace and animation with which the female pen can enliven the dreariest exile passed in a varying atmosphere of steam, sand, and dust.

The following instances of inaccuracy and carelessness could only be pardoned to a writer who compensated for them by some peculiar grace of diction or some valuable political thought. Lord Wellesley is spoken of as the successor to Lord Cornwallis, without the slightest regard to the fact that Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, comes in as Governor-General for five years between those statesmen. Dr. Wakefield, in a phrase apparently borrowed from a Bengali Baboo, writes of "Lord Bentinck," instead of Lord William Bentinck. Lord Dalhousie has often been accused, very unjustly many Anglo-Indians think, of unscrupulous annexation; but his most virulent opponents never ascribed to him the appropriation of Tanjore. This, as a good many people know, is a flourishing district of the Madras Presidency, and was British territory long before Lord Dalhousie was born. We wearied ourselves in conjecturing whether the author had intended to write *Travancore* for Tanjore, though this would hardly mend matters, as the former is still a native State. We cannot clearly understand on what grounds it is asserted that "no mention is made of handicraftsmen in Manu."

* *Our Life and Travels in India*. By W. Wakefield, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

Goldsmiths' gems, woven cloth, silk, coarse metals, copper vessels, and other terms indicative of the division of labour may be found over and over again in Manu by any one who will take the trouble to look at Sir W. Jones's translation of those laws. It is extremely vague to assert that teak grows in many places. This valuable timber abounds in British Burma and on the Malabar coast. But, though the late Court of Direction made, many praiseworthy efforts to introduce teak into Bengal, these trees have never prospered there, nor served for any purpose but to form ornamental avenues through which officials drive to their work. Cawnpore was very likely garrisoned at times in the last century, as was Anupshire, a place not far from Meerut; but it is not correct to represent the former place at that period as on our border. Benares was not ours until 1795; nor did our Resident there in any way interfere with the settlement and the collection of the revenue until 1787. Dr. Wakefield has lived for some time in Oudh. At what mess-table did he learn that the annexation of that province was "contrary to the advice and wishes of the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie"? Has the author never read Sir John Kaye, nor heard of the Oudh Blue-Book? At p. 220 he begins to dabble in philology; and he informs us that there are ten principal languages in India. We have a list before us at this very moment, made by a cunning hand, in which, omitting any consideration of the Tibeto-Burman and the Eastern dialects, we can count no less than sixteen Aryan dialects, twelve Dravidian, and seven Kolarian. Hindustani or Urdu, instead of being a "corrupt form of Hindi," is a similar, but more polished and redundant dialect, with exactly the same grammar and a far larger command of words. The terms *Devan-i-Khas* and *Dewan-i-Am* are very familiar in descriptions of Eastern State. *Khas* is the private, and *Am* the public hall of audience. In Dr. Wakefield's pages these terms change places. History is often rewritten in these days, and bad characters are rehabilitated, as we know; but on what authority does Dr. Wakefield find that "Hyder Ali was remarkable among Asiatic princes for the mildness of his character and government"? The most elementary treatise on Indian history would have told him a very different tale.

We are sorry to say that Dr. Wakefield seems to have a genius for muddling things in general besides history, unless we are to suppose that facetious subalterns revenged themselves on him for professional non-attendance or over-attendance, and made him swallow all manner of idle tales. We should have thought that even men who have never owned any animal more sporting than a broken-down buggy horse would have known the distinction between hog-hunting as practised in Bengal on the one hand, and in Madras or Bombay on the other. The Bengal sportsman carries a spear about six and a half feet long, and tries by jolting to hit the animal near the spine. In Madras and Bombay the spear is carried like a lance, and is much longer. Dr. Wakefield assigns the long spear to Bengal and the short one to the sister Presidencies. No better luck seems to attend an attempt to enumerate the modes of killing tigers. After describing, correctly enough, how a thick cover is beaten by a line of elephants, the writer goes on to say that it is sometimes usual to post "the different elephants bearing the sportsmen at certain places where it is likely that the animal, driven in that direction, will break cover." If such an expedient was ever resorted to in any sporting regions, it must have been under the most exceptional circumstances. No good sportsman would, if he could help it, ever await the advance of a tiger on a motionless elephant, or expose beaters on foot to do that which it is the especial business and glory of mahouts on elephants to do. When elephants cannot manœuvre, the tiger is often driven by natives with drums, brass instruments, and ceaseless clamour towards a line of sportsmen. But the latter are posted on platforms, some ten or twelve feet from the ground, as the author himself explains a page or so further on. There are minor mistakes in spelling which it is hardly worth while to notice. Some judicious friend ought to have restricted the author to his own professional experiences, of which he has very little to say, or to the harmless commonplaces about punkahs and Khaussamans, hot winds and the evening drive, the discomfort of hotels, and an important person who, in very slipshod language, is termed the "bobberchee." Lord Macaulay in one of his essays lamented that Walter Scott had not attempted to describe an interview between Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Newcastle of the day. No admirer of Dickens need wish that the humorous novelist had set the most celebrated of garrulous old ladies to discourse on Indian subjects. If the reader can imagine Mrs. Nickleby lecturing Smeke on Indian revenue and irrigation, he may picture her as pouring out something not very dissimilar to the two or three pages which are devoted to subjects on which clever men, after lifelong services, are not yet completely agreed.

At one page of this volume we are sensible of what favourable critics are wont to term a marked improvement in an author's style. Lord Granville at a late festival reminded his hearers that in the House of Commons "languid Johnny glowed to glorious John." At page 297 we come on a description of the Maharrattas, and a comparison between this intriguing and active race and the haughty and indolent Rajpoot, which reads tolerably well. A little reflection, and no very great trouble, enabled us to discover that the passage had been copied almost verbatim from Mount Stuart Elphinstone's *India*, vol. ii. p. 456. This is scarcely less staggering than the assertion, at p. 114, that, when an outcast joins another caste, he will be received amongst them with the heartiness due to a

new convert. We apprehend that the author has at some time got hold of a confused notion about men of any caste becoming Bushiums or Bairagis. Speaking generally, a man who has done some act which puts him quite out of caste cannot recover it by giving dinners, or by feigning Brahmans, or by sitting for three days besmeared with cowdung and ashes, or by a pilgrimage to Gaya and Benares. He cannot be received into another caste, but has to eat, drink, and live by himself. Even when the author can judge for himself and might use his own eyes, he contrives to go wrong. He talks of Garden Reach as inhabited chiefly by Europeans, and as the most striking part of Calcutta in architectural and parklike features. But he omits to mention that the King of Oudh, with his ragamuffin attendants and his screeching menageries, has of late years put to flight banker, merchant, civilian, and statesman, who have been forced to be content with less "extensive gardens" and less "fine trees and gay parterres" elsewhere. We read with some qualms that the author, towards the close of his work, threatens us with another work embracing Kashmir, having, he assures us, during his travels "taken copious notes with that object." We are, however, thankful that in this volume we are spared verbose descriptions of Benares and Calcutta.

The truth is that no man has a right to inflict such driftless labour on the public. India can be studied in a dozen better works than Dr. Wakefield's, besides those excellent publications from which he has so freely borrowed. The whole thing was not wanted. If a superfluous actor makes his appearance on the stage, he must either be prepared to justify his intrusion by some very happy expression and some display of new histrionic power, or else he must take himself off with the least possible delay, to avoid the fate inevitable under such circumstances.

MEMOIR OF ALFRED SMEE.*

IF ever a man was possessed with the faith that the time was out of joint and he was born to set it right, it was Mr. Alfred Smeë. Mr. Smeë was cursed with intellectual restlessness. He possessed a large amount of information; but his misfortune was that he believed he knew as much about one thing as about another. The result was that he wrote more letters on more subjects to daily newspapers, to weekly newspapers, to newspapers which cared nothing for science and to newspapers which cared for little else, than perhaps any other man the century has known. It might be the potato disease, or the cholera, or the beauties of the Bank of England limes, or the profession of garrotting, or the possibilities of crime arising out of the possession of a denominational burial ground, or remedies for the locking-up of money, or the inconvenience of having Brixton Church struck by lightning, or the unseaworthiness of ships, or the beauties of crayfish, or the iniquitousness of judicial slumbers in the High Court of Chancery; but no sooner did a theme put forth its head, however modestly, above the earth, than Mr. Alfred Smeë fluttered down from the umbrageous groves of Finsbury Circus, and perched upon the intertenting young plant. It would be flattery to say that, like Goldsmith, he adorned everything he touched; though his biographer does in effect claim this for him. Whatever the embellishment he added, it must be admitted there were few topics he did not touch.

He began life early. At the age of four he was in the habit of rising with the sun to climb trees and eat the fruit. Some boys might have suffered for this amiable precocity; but his father, much as he loved peaches, was yet more gratified with the conduct and zeal of his dear Alfred, as he himself records in his account-book, and, to mark his esteem, transferred into his name a 10*l*. Three per Cent. Annuity. A career beginning thus might, under favourable circumstances, have been developed into something heroic in the art of opening the world with an oyster-knife; but circumstances were as little propitious to such a result as could well be. The son of an Accountant-General of the Bank of England, and, after a very few years of peach-stealing, transferred to Threadneedle Street, he had to be trained to respectability. Even in the sober vicinity of the Bank parlour he kept a menagerie of pigeons, dogs, and magpies, and found trees, wonderful to say, within reach of St. Paul's, where he could challenge his schoolfellows to feats which anticipated Blondin. But his restless energies were soon diverted to surgery and chemistry, and in the latter he attained to something like real eminence. His biographer claims for him not merely the invention of the name of Electro-Metallurgy, but the discovery of the principle. He certainly made himself master of it, and elucidated it with force and clearness in the volume he published on the subject. A battery which is still in use was devised by him; and he deserves to rank among the pioneers of the marvellous applications of electricity to practical art. His father was gratified at his son's talents, but does not appear to have been at much expense in providing him with scientific apparatus. Thirty pounds a year is no very liberal allowance by a Bank Accountant-General to a son who, as a medical student, has to make his quarterly income furnish him with clothes, and also with subjects, or, as his biographer terms them, "objects," for dissection. But it is illustrative of the man's character that he impressed his family with the notion that he had surmounted some extraordinary privations. An etching preserves for the veneration of posterity the aspect of the working

* *Memoir of the late Alfred Smeë, F.R.S.* By his Daughter. With a Selection from his Miscellaneous Writings. London: Bell & Sons. 1876.

room which may be said to have been the birthplace of electro-metallurgy; and his daughter exclaims, after recounting what he did on 30*l.* a year pocket-money, with a good house over his head, good food, and an admiring family:—"Think of this, young men of talent, and turn your abilities to as good an account as Alfred Smee did his, and with such a pittance!" The writer might be supposed to be talking of the straits of a George Stephenson.

Mr. Smee had a peculiar faculty either for exciting personal opposition or for detecting it. He never did anything without leaving a track of controversy behind his achievement as long as the line of broken water which follows a river steamer. Some thousands of "Smees' battery" were sold, we are told, within a year of its invention, and all the great manufacturers employed it. "But," says the biographer, "it did not escape the ire of the jealous few." He anticipated, we are again informed, Schönbein's discovery of ozone in a paper read in 1840 before the Royal Society under the euphonious title of "the Ferrosesquicynure of Potassium"; "yet, for some reason or other, best known to that learned body, or to the set or clique which at that time governed it, this highly important paper was, like its predecessor on the battery, ordered to be deposited in the archives of the Society; that is to say, it was not allowed to be published in the Royal Society's Transactions." There was always some reason best known to a society, or a clique, or a rival, why the world was not allowed to understand that Mr. Alfred Smee's prophetic eye had anticipated most of the discoveries of modern science. It was a most creditable thing to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-three; but some reluctance to elect so young a man was excusable. This opposition, however, it is hinted, was so morally reprehensible that its authors were intimidated into withdrawing it by a threat that the public should know their names. He possessed, we are given to understand, most of the virtues, and "he had not the slightest jealousy"; "opposition, however, he could not brook." It was a pity, for by some inscrutable ill-luck he was perpetually tossing on a sea of controversy. In 1845 came the potato disease, and Mr. Smee leaped into the fray. He took little time to learn what was killing the potato, and what, he believed, was on the high road to killing every other crop, from the turnip to the groundsel. The Aphis vastator even paid Mr. Smee the compliment of "totally destroying some large willow trees" in his garden at Wallington. He published a lengthy treatise on the subject, and filled not only a considerable volume, but his drawing-rooms also, with potatoes in various stages of disease. He had potato aphides on every table and chair, and, we should surmise, on his brain. Actuaries were set to work, and ascertained that, by Mr. Smee's figures, an aphid arriving on a cucumber of his on the 1st of January would by the 31st of December, but for the hostility roused by Mr. Alfred Smee against the race, have produced "nearly 783 quadrillions of tons weight." Not content with detecting his Aphides vastatores in their deadly work, Mr. Smee discovered a substitute for their victim. He propounded the advantages of what he termed "famine food," in the form of fourteen different substitutes for the potato. Unfortunately, not only did all who tasted the "famine food" combine in declaring that some kinds were particularly nauseous, but it appeared by Mr. Smee's own admission that the various bread substitutes would cost more and nourish less than wheat loaves. The truth was that he "detested attending to any matters of detail, and liked instead to soar in the regions above, and produce noble generalizations of physical force and mental phenomena."

What Mr. Smee really was by vocation his biographer leaves in some obscurity. Perhaps neither his family nor himself ever clearly knew. The world had abundant opportunities of learning that he was Surgeon to the Bank of England. But this title conveys a very shadowy impression. All we hear of his practice in the Bank consists of a statement in the Life that he helped to discover a new mode of printing Bank of England notes. It was a very useful work to circumvent the ingenious gentlemen who had invented the art of splitting the old Bank notes in two; but, on the same principle, a surgeon in the navy might be expected to be called in to mend a burst Armstrong gun. His daughter declares that, "besides being Surgeon to the Bank of England, he held other public offices." She adds that "he was also in private practice, and was considered eminent as an oculist." His real profession, however, was about as vague as the character of his mind, of which, says his biographer, "one of the great peculiarities was that it belonged to the Pneuma-noemic class." The pneuma-noemic order of mind apparently predisposes its possessor to the setting of the world generally to rights; and that is profession enough for any man. He might, as a mere surgeon, be working out the law by which to detect "needles impacted in the human frame," or, as an oculist, writing on "the eye in health and disease"; but a comet could not be allowed to visit our island, or a currency doctor to talk about decimal coinage, or a railway to threaten Finsbury Circus, without the topic for the moment becoming to him the one object of human life. He could not live without a controversy on hand. Three elections did he contest at Rochester in the Conservative interest. Not that he was a Conservative in the ordinary sense of the term. In fact, up to the time of his Conservative canvass he had been a member of the Reform Club. But he had a cry of his own—Conservative Progress. That is a kind of cry which non-electors appreciate better than electors, and he had all the non-electors on his side. He was, writes his daughter, "so beloved at Rochester that, had he but paid a select number at the rate of a day's wages,

he would have been elected." As, though he had their love, these select citizens had not his crown-pieces, he probably had never even a distant chance of being returned; but then his canvass supplied him with occasions to illustrate the beauties of "step by step progression from that which is good to that which is better." An opportunity to "illustrate politics by natural phenomena" was worth even the cost of three fruitless election contests to a mind like Mr. Alfred Smee's. It is, however, only just to say that not seldom he accomplished useful work in his numerous controversial vagaries. We may not agree with him, for instance, that Finsbury Circus, though it may achieve the modest glory of "challenging for beauty the garden of any square in London," is "the admiration and astonishment of foreigners as an affair of private enterprise, and not a creation of the State." But, whether it has or not "107 trees between 15 and 30 feet high," its use is obvious as one of the few places where City professional men can live, and as a breathing-space for a dense mass of population. London would have suffered by the conversion of this poor and smoke-dried pleasure into a railway terminus, and that it has escaped this fate is due chiefly to the efforts of Mr. Alfred Smee. He was also a vigorous advocate of tree-planting on the Thames Embankment; and, by promoting window gardening in the City, he did more good to his fellow-Londoners than even by rescuing Finsbury Circus from steam-engines. He also did useful work in fighting and beating the Croydon Board of Health in its attempt to turn the Wandle into an open sewer. We are told that his tenderness of heart alone saved the Board from incarceration for contempt on Christmas Day. But Mr. Smee could be generous, in his own way, to the many offenders who from time to time resisted his authority. His biographer assures us that he "would never indict pain by word, or look, or by action, on any person or creature." She adds, however, a somewhat considerable qualification—"unless, indeed, his ire was roused by being slighted, molested, or personally abused, either by words or writing; then he spared not his foe." How amiable many of us could be if only we were never molested, or even "slighted," either by words or writing!

The volume contains some interesting reminiscences of the business and professional life of half a century back. Life at the Bank of England, when Mr. Alfred Smee, as a young man, was a resident, flowed on tranquilly and simply. The gates were closed at ten. No one could be admitted after that hour unless the chief cashier were rung up to enter the late reveller's name in a book. As the chief cashier was not to be lightly woken out of his beauty sleep, the Smee family were practically interdicted from balls and other evening parties, and had to amuse their nights with music. It was not a very distant or ambitious flight from Threadneedle Street to Finsbury Circus, but it is easy to understand that the garden of Finsbury Circus would be a spacious and picturesque woodland to one who had passed his whole youth, after his infantile peach robberies, in the Bank courtyard. In the greenhouse tank of his back-garden in Finsbury Circus gold-fish learned to come at Mr. Smee's call, and his house became a menagerie of lizards and toads, hedgehogs and tortoises, magpies, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. His father's cottage at Clapton had been his first training-ground as a garden reformer. He there hit on a very ingenious practical application of science. Boys from the neighbourhood were, it seems, in the habit of stealing the fruit while the owners were at dinner. Mr. Smee connected an electric battery by fine threads with the fruit trees or the fence in such a way that the marauders were sure to betray themselves by disturbing the threads. On one occasion the young oculist had the good fortune thus to surprise among the thieves one with a squint. The rest were thrashed, but in his case the whipping was commuted to a sentence to have an operation performed there and then. "I am afraid," remarks the biographer, with pious admiration of her father's skill and his benevolence, "that boy's ideas of right and wrong must have been from henceforth rather confusing." He had done wrong, from the effect of which he immediately derived benefit which he would not have derived had he done what was right and had kept out of the garden. Let us hope, however, that he possessed a contented mind, and that he went not forth again to steal fruit in order to derive further benefits therefrom." We are sure we hope so too. Unless he enjoyed the exceptional beauty of a double squint, there was in fact no further inducement to him to rob an orchard in the expectation of such "further benefits." But Mr. Smee could do more than act as watchman over a garden; he was an excellent practical gardener. He was one of the first to show Londoners that they need not go without flowers and even fruit. Not only hyacinths and crocuses and tulips, but the wax-like hoya, stephanotis, ferns, and even many orchids grew luxuriantly in the yellow atmosphere of Finsbury Circus. Later he formed out of a dreary quagmire near Beddington Park in Surrey an experimental garden, where his daughter is entitled to boast that "there is grown the largest collection of fruit-trees and other species of plants of any private collection in Europe." Many of our readers may remember the volume in which, under the title of *My Garden*, he celebrated his horticultural triumphs. With all his various clevernesses his biography leaves the impression that he was an elaborate trifler or an intolerable bore, so far as he was a man of science and a social reformer; but he was a serious gardener.

We have in this Memoir what is seldom to be expected from relatives when they turn biographers—a graphic picture of the man's external aspect and of his foibles. "He ought to have been nearly six feet high"; but nature was, we suppose, as jealous as

the Royal Society, and "there appears to have been an arrest of growth between his hip and his knee." His hair turned grey through excessive study at the age of eighteen, and he had brilliant eyes. What his biographer terms "duality of mental action," and the world calls "wool-gathering," was, as indeed the whole course of his life shows, "an ordinary habit with him." He used every room in his house as his study, and never sorted anything. The consequence was that "the house was one large waste-paper basket." Unfortunately he could remember where he had put the most trivial object thirty years before, and was much aggrieved that his household could not do the same. He was utterly indifferent about his clothes "so long as they were baggy," and would go out to dinner in the first coat that came to hand. His walk was more a run than a walk, with very short steps, and "he usually held a large bunch of keys, which he jingled all the time." With a hoarse voice he seems to have thought himself born to be an orator, just as he thought he could steer a boat better than anybody else. Yet with all the vanities and weaknesses of which this volume is one continuous unconscious record, he had so much genuine kindness of heart that the critic, by the time he has finished his task, cannot help feeling something of the affection for him that his own friends and family felt. It is only a pity that his too busy brain could not have been sent to sleep half its time. During the remaining half it might have concentrated itself on some more lasting work than the thousand scientific triflings which made the signature of Mr. Alfred Smee so distressingly familiar to the eyes of readers of London journals.

ADAMS'S TALES ILLUSTRATING CHURCH HISTORY.*

WE are inclined to think that Mr. Adams's *Tales Illustrating Church History* may be considered as a "Sunday book." We say this with some doubt, because we are aware that there are diversities of opinion as to what entitles a book to be placed in that class of literature. It once happened to us to be severely snubbed by a damsel of Evangelical training for offering her as appropriate reading for Sunday a romance dealing with the fortunes of three Crusaders, who, we hoped, might pass as Christian heroes, but who in her eyes were as secular and profane as if they had been the Three Musketeers. If, however, to be dedicated to a Bishop, to inculcate admirably accurate views of the English Church, and to be of improving moral tendency, fit a book for Sunday consumption, these tales may certainly serve that purpose. From a weekday point of view they are liable to the objection of being a trifle dull. The *dramatis personæ* argue, quarrel, fight, make love, and altogether do their best to be life-like; but, saints and sinners alike, they are shadowy beings who fail to rouse more than a languid interest in the reader. The author has aspired to do something more than reproduce the conventional knight and the conventional monk who form the stock-in-trade of the ordinary historical novelist, and in one or two instances he has attained to a moderate degree of success. In the first of his tales, Father Algar, the parish priest of Sherborne, is by no means ill drawn, and may serve to impress upon the reader's mind the fact that there were parish priests in the thirteenth century, and that the Church was not, as many people suppose, wholly given over into the hands of monks. In one of the other tales, Abbot Reinold of Holy Cross, who may be looked upon as a fifteenth-century version of the squire-parson of later days, is also a character not ill conceived, though the design is better than the execution. When we have added to these the wicked Abbot Oswell—a sort of Brian de Bois-Guilbert without any of his redeeming qualities—and the Franciscan Friar Martin, who sorely tries Father Algar by poaching upon his parochial manor, we have named all of the male characters who deserve any notice. Of the heroines, one only, Ruth Hettley, the sister and fellow-worker of a Lollard transcriber of the Scriptures, possesses any individuality; and even she is too modern in style. The rest are puppets, and not very lively puppets either. In one point Mr. Adams falls sadly below the standard of the conventional historical romance. The language of his personages is, we may say, distressingly mild. In the romances which delighted our youth a factitious vigour was imparted to the lay characters by the energy of the language put into their mouths. The strength of the epithets they employed was as remarkable as that of their muscles; their oaths were as quaint as their garments, their curses as tremendous as their blows. In turning over Mr. Adams's pages we are indeed ever and anon cheered by the sight of "By my halidom," or "By the mass"; but, as a rule, his people, like Clifford, "cannot spare their friends an oath." Sometimes, too, they fall into a painfully modern tone. Surely no traveller of romance ever before administered consolation to his companion in this wise:—"It was unfortunate, but it could not be avoided." Nor can we imagine a fifteenth-century leech, called in to attend a Lollard maiden who had been snatched too late from the heretic's fiery death, pronouncing that "these injuries, aggravated as they are by the nervous exhaustion of some hours of suffering, are enough to destroy a far stronger woman." That Queen Elizabeth desired to preserve the unity of the Church is undoubted; but we do not recognize her Grace's characteristic style in the following sentences:—

"There are differences to some extent in all Churches," said Elizabeth.

* *Tales Illustrating Church History. England. Vol. III. Mediæval Period. By the Rev. H. C. Adams, Vicar of Dry Sandford, Author of "Wilton of Cuthbert's," "Schoolboy Honour," &c. With Four Woodcut Illustrations. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1877.*

"It has ever been so since the Church was first set up. To some extent it is reason to permit them, though it is also reason to restrain them within proper bounds. It is only by mutual toleration and forbearance that unity can exist at all. It has been the happiness of my reign thus far, that many mutual concessions have been made."

Even the fighting heroes are rather mild in style. That an Oxford student, mauled in a town and gown row, should find a lovely being—the Lollard damsel aforesaid—to attend to his hurts, is quite according to the rules of romance; but our feelings are shocked when we find that his wounds resolve themselves into a "contusion" on the leg. The heroes of our youth, when they invoked the heroine's leechcraft, had at least a head split open or a thrust through the sword-arm to show. The artist who has illustrated this scene has portrayed the wounded hero as a nice-looking young gentleman, rather stiff, certainly, about the legs, but "pleasingly combed," and faultlessly got up, who appears to be requesting the pleasure of dancing the next waltz with the heroine.

Of the four stories contained in this volume we are inclined to think the first—the "Orphan of Evesham"—the best. Though it is neither very probable nor very original, some ingenuity has been shown in constructing the plot, and interweaving it with the real history. The hero, Bertrand Forester, first appears as an infant picked up on the battle-field of Evesham—a manifest reminiscence of the finding of Scott's Roland Græme. The child is taken from the breast of its slaughtered mother by a virtuous and benevolent Jew, who continues his charitable work by bringing up the foundling in his household. At first sight this might appear likely to be detrimental to young Bertrand's spiritual welfare; but the parish priest steps in and not only insists upon baptizing the baby, but further protects it by a sort of unwritten Conscience Clause, under which Bertrand, though kept at the wealthy Jew's cost, receives his education from the Christian priest. It is much to be wished that "the religious difficulty" in education could be settled as satisfactorily in our own day. We wonder, however, that it never struck Father Algar that Bertrand's body as well as his soul might be endangered, and that Ezra's object in rearing a Christian child could only be to provide a victim for crucifixion at those annual orgies in which, according to popular belief, the Jews enacted a ghastly parody of the Passion of Christ. Mr. Adams knows these stories, for he discusses them, and declares that "it is difficult to imagine that any intelligent person of those days could have believed these allegations to be anything but idle fancies or calumnies;" but it does not seem to occur to him that they must needs have produced some effect on the minds of his characters. No allusion to the current belief is made even by those who blame Father Algar for permitting his pupil to live in daily intercourse with unbelievers. No one suggests the possibility of Bertrand's foster-mother Miriam emulating her countrywoman in the ballad:—

She's tied the little boy, hands and feet,
She's pierced him wi' a knife,
She's caught his heart's blood in a golden cup,
And twinn'd him o' his life.

In short, Ezra the Jew, Algar the parson, and the villagers of Sherborne generally, display a tolerance which strikes us as impossible in the thirteenth century. Daniel Deronda had not as yet arisen to instruct the Christian world in the beauties of Judaism. However, if we get over this objection, the rest of Bertrand's adventures follow naturally enough. The Jew has a granddaughter with whom the young man of course falls in love. Like Ivanhoe's Rebecca and Codrington's Miriam, the Jewish maiden does not disdain to enhance her beauty by all the arts of Oriental splendour:—

Salone's dress, too, was both costly and well fancied: she wore a turban of dark red silk, a kirtle of the same material, secured by golden clasps down the bosom; her rich black hair, matching well with the colour of her eyes and the olive of her complexion, fell in graceful profusion over her neck; she wore also a necklace of alternate diamonds and pearls. Altogether, her appearance might well have dazzled eyes more inclined to be critical than those of Bertrand. It should, however, be mentioned, that though the lovely Jewess indulged herself within the shelter of her father's house with these costly decorations, she never ventured to display them in public, where they would probably have attracted the scoffs, if not the violence, of those who beheld them.

The difficulties in the way of the lovers' happiness are obvious. Alliances between Christian and Jew not having then become fashionable in the best society, it is clear that one or the other must abandon his or her ancestral faith. A real incident in the history of the English Jews supplies the closing scene. Ralph de Gauden, the villain of the piece—himself a Christian and a suitor to "the lovely Jewess"—is master of a vessel on which a number of Jews, banished under the edict of Edward I., have embarked for Tunis. He puts his passengers, with the single exception of Salone, ashore on a sandflat, and leaves them to be swallowed by the rising tide. The crime of Ralph de Gauden and its punishment are matters of history. Pursued and overtaken by Bertrand in a fast galley, he is consigned to the hangman by the stern justice of King Edward; while, to make everything smooth, Salone now reveals that she has long been a Christian, although exempted, by a dispensation of the accommodating Father Algar, from making public profession of her faith.

The Lollard movement supplies material for the next two stories, in the first of which Sir John Oldecastle figures as the chief historical personage. The second depends mainly upon the character of Ruth Hettley, who bears some resemblance to those devout, gentle, and courageous damsels whom the author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family* loves to portray. Into the mouth of this heroine on her deathbed Mr. Adams puts a glowing prophecy of the coming

days when there shall "be a free Bible in England—the unchallenged birthright and heritage of the people, even to the end of time!" When, however, he comes to speak, no longer in the character of a Lollard martyr, but in his own person, he expresses views which will hardly be so agreeable to Protestantism of "the Bible only" school. "Had the laity," he says regretfully, "been instructed that, though all might read, it was not safe for private individuals to put what interpretation they pleased on texts, without regard to primitive tradition or the consent of the Church in all ages—they would, in all likelihood, have acknowledged the reasonableness of such a warning, and been willing to look to their teachers for the correct explanation." In the same spirit he deprecates the decline of the influence of the clergy in consequence of the Reformation. "The rod of their power was broken, the faith of the people in their teachers was rudely shaken; alas, it may be doubted whether it will ever fully be restored!"

The last tale, "The Prior's Ward, or the Broken Unity of the Church," deals with those conflicting religious forces which Elizabeth strove, not altogether unsuccessfully, to confine within the bounds of one national Church. While the hero, avoiding Rome on one side and Geneva on the other, succeeds in adapting himself to the approved type of Anglicanism, the heroine, after a severe mental struggle, decides for the Holy See, and throws over her Anglican lover accordingly. Perhaps, if the young man had been rather more impassioned and less painfully rational in his style of argument, he might have fared better. An enthusiastic girl would naturally resent being told by her lover to go into the question "in a candid and unprejudiced spirit." "You do not persuade me," says the adored one; "I fear there is as little hope of my persuading you." "True, Grace," answers the too reasonable young man, and though he has the common politeness to add something about the loss of his "earthly happiness," he does not take very long in coming to the conclusion, "I will urge you no further." For an Elizabethan gallant, his blood flowed somewhat languidly in his veins.

From the specimens we have given it will be seen that Mr. Adams is stronger in history than in romance. He shows that he understands the true position of the Anglican Church, but he has not the art to set its sons and daughters before us as living beings. As a writer of fiction he is more entertaining when he portrays modern schoolboys than when he undertakes to represent men and women under the Plantagenets and the Tudors.

CONDER'S TENT WORK IN PALESTINE.*

LIEUTENANT CONDER'S two volumes of *Tent Work in Palestine* give a graphic account of upwards of three years spent in the systematic survey of the Holy Land under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund. This task had in the first instance been undertaken by Captain Stewart, R.E., in January 1872. When he was compelled by ill-health to relinquish it, the work of the Survey was carried on in the interim by the late Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake until the arrival on the spot of Lieutenant Conder in the summer of the same year. Returning to England in September 1875, after having surveyed and mapped 4,700 square miles of country, Mr. Conder brought with him a mass of scientific observations, drawings, and notes which, we are glad to hear, are being arranged and prepared for separate publication, in company with the great map, on the scale of one inch to a mile, which has since been carried on to completion by Lieutenant Kitchener, R.E. In the volumes now issued we have Mr. Conder's personal history of the work, telling in modest terms with how much toil, occasional hardship, and not infrequent risk to person and life, the Survey was carried on. Only a limited portion of his book is devoted to the topography and archaeology of the Holy City, his object being to afford a succinct and comprehensive view of the whole field of operations through the length and breadth of Palestine. There is, however, in the couple of chapters devoted to Jerusalem, the Temple, and Calvary, an admirable summary of what may be regarded as the fixed and indisputable data for determining the vexed problems relating to the holy sites. We are here gratified at finding the facts, as verified by Mr. Conder's skilled and unbiassed researches, in entire accordance with the opinions we expressed in our recent review of Mr. Fergusson's speculative restorations. From a brief but comprehensive survey of the facts and monuments handed down by Josephus and the Talmudists, combined with the evidence of later visitors, such as Eusebius, the Bordeaux Pilgrim, Benjamin of Tudela—and, above all, from the proofs afforded by the levels of the Sanctuary platform, and other data supplied by what remains of the various ancient constructions—it is perfectly clear that the Sakhra is to be taken as the central point and pivot of the whole Temple structure, alike under Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod. It has been the weak point of all schemes of reconstruction hitherto, as is emphatically pointed out by Mr. Conder, that little or no attention has been given to the determination of levels and contours. This was in fact a matter of precision wholly beyond attainment before the exact system of admeasurement brought to bear by the officers of the Survey. The various levels of the Temple courts, for instance, are made thoroughly known to us by the writings of Maimonides.

* *Tent Work in Palestine: a Record of Discovery and Adventure.* By Claude Reignier Conder, R.E., Officer in Command of the Survey Expedition. 2 vols. With illustrations by J. W. Whympers. London: Bentley & Son. 1878.

They agree to a foot with those of the Sakhra, as a glance at the plan will show. And with no other site it is possible to make them agree. Mr. Conder's sketch-plan shows this agreement better than words can explain it. But he proceeds to apply sundry special tests which serve to clinch the argument by means of the striking accord thus shown between the figures of the Survey and the measures given by the Middoth. Whether Mr. Conder is equally borne out by the facts in reducing the Jewish cubit to 16 inches is a point more open to dispute. To assign to early Oriental measures of any kind a precision such as that insisted on in modern standards must be dismissed as a hopeless task. The best equivalent attainable must needs remain approximate only. Without insisting on Captain Warren's estimate of 21 inches, the value generally assigned to the Babylonian cubit, there is nothing to preclude a mean being taken between that figure and the limit of 16 inches laid down by our author, or to impair the force of the general conclusions to which his investigations as a scientific surveyor have led him:—

There is not space to go farther into detail, though the investigation has been pursued farther; but the above facts are, perhaps, sufficient to speak for themselves. We see the Holy House in its natural and traditional position, on the top of the mountain; we see the Courts descending on either side according to the present slopes of the hill; we find the great rock-galleries dropping naturally into their right places; and finally we see the Temple, by the immutability of Oriental custom, still a Temple, and the site of the great Altar still consecrated by the beautiful little Chapel of the Chain. Push the Temple a little to the north or south, and the levels cease to agree; lengthen the cubit to the Egyptian standard of twenty-one inches, and the exactitude of the adaptation is at once destroyed.

No part of Mr. Conder's work can have greater interest for the public than the two chapters occupied with Samaria and her people. The traditional impression fostered, if not originated, by Jewish hatred or jealousy, has been that the Samaritans are "Cuthim," alien settlers from beyond Jordan, selected and introduced from various tribes under the sway of Assyria to replace the ten tribes carried away into captivity by Sargon. The Israelite exiles themselves—if we set aside the ridiculous theories of their turning up as Affghans, Nestorian Christians, Irish Celts, or Anglo-Saxons—have by sober historians and ethnologists in general been held to have been lost as a people through intermixture with the races among whom they were dispersed. There are, however, reasons, which Mr. Conder fortifies with many arguments of weight, for receiving these conclusions with great reserve. He was struck on his first visit in 1875 with the close family likeness which the people of Samaria bear both in features and in figure to the Jews. The Samaritan priesthood, in particular, show a type of manly beauty which is distinctly Jewish—the aquiline nose, the lustrous brown eyes, the thick under lip, the crisp hair, above all, the peach-like down of the complexion. In figure they are lean and meagre, like the Palestinian Jews. Though the two races, or branches of the same race, have not for hundreds of years intermarried, Jews and Samaritans having alike kept their native stock pure, they show a remarkable likeness in their characteristic physiognomy. In the next place, the Samaritan Pentateuch, of which there exist copies older by far than any extant Jewish codex, is, notwithstanding some marked points of difference, substantially the same as the Jewish text, and in fullest accord with the Septuagint version. The Samaritan character in which they are written closely approaches the most ancient forms of Jewish writing. The inference is strongly in favour of the original copies having been made before the time of Ezra, when the square alphabet had not been introduced, and when there was not the same intensity as afterwards in the schism between Jew and Samaritan. No other books beyond the Pentateuch and Joshua are admitted into the Samaritan canon. If the Samaritans were of a race who held the captive Hebrews in contempt and hatred, how could these foreign colonists have adopted the law and religion of the Jews? By the Talmudists they are, indeed, invariably called "Cuthim." That colonists were sent from Cutha as well as from Ava, Hamath, and Sepharvaim we learn from the Bible, though of Cutha we know no more than that Nergal was there worshipped as a lion-god, according to the cuneiform inscriptions, the place having presumably been devastated by a plague of lions. It may be, as Mr. Conder thinks, that the Jews seized upon the similarity of the name Cuthim with the title *Kūsāniya*, or "true people," by which one sect of the Samaritans distinguished themselves from a second, the *Lifāniyeh*, and that thus the name got attached to the people at large. According to another view, to be found in Josephus and the Targums, the Samaritans claimed to be Sidonians—an instance of the untrustworthiness of the later Jewish traditions.

One known point of importance is that the settlers in Samaria petitioned for a priest to be sent to them, upon which an Israelite priest returned and dwelt at Bethel; and another is that the Samaritan priesthood claimed descent from Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron. These are so many indications that a remnant of the ten tribes remained at home, who were reinforced by another band from Assyria in company with the foreign settlers then introduced. On the return of the Jews the Samaritans were desirous of taking part in the rebuilding of the Temple. The rise of Pharisaic influence was what mainly embittered the feud between the Jews and the Samaritans, the latter closely resembling in their tenets and usages the Karaites and Sadducean section, clinging to Gerizim as the true religious centre and repudiating the doctrine of the Resurrection. In their general belief the Samaritans may be said to approximate the most closely to the creed of original Judaism. Their numbers,

after the vicissitudes which Mr. Conder briefly sketches, have lamentably dwindled, a mere handful of one hundred and thirty-five souls in the year 1872 forming the sum of the little community collected at Nablus. Mr. Conder was not fortunate enough to witness the curious paschal rites which remain as the most distinctive feature of this remnant of an antique race; but he was permitted twice to inspect the three copies of the Pentateuch roll treasured up in the synagogue at Nablus, and he gives a brief but interesting description of these precious manuscripts. The oldest and most sacred—quite a Samaritan fetish—which is only seen by the congregation once a year, being raised above the priest's head on the Day of Atonement, is the well-known one attributed to Abishuah, third in descent from Aaron. This important scroll, for which is claimed an antiquity some threefold greater than that of any recognized Hebrew codex, ought undoubtedly to receive a more critical scrutiny and collation, if possible, than it has hitherto undergone at the hands of scholars; as should also the "Fire Tried" MS. now belonging to a poor widow in Jerusalem, which Mr. Conder was permitted to examine, and which has been in England without any purchaser coming up to the 1,000*l.* demanded for it.

Mr. Conder brings to bear the results of his personal observation and research in support of M. Ganneau's conviction that in the Fellahin, or "tillers" of Palestine lowlands, are to be seen the descendants of the old Canaanite stock. Smitten without mercy as they were by Joshua and the invading host, these primitive Semitic tribes were far from being exterminated, but survived in great measure in subjection to the conquering race, like the Saxons under their Norman rulers, as hewers of wood and drawers of water. To this peasantry the learned Jews have ascribed the use of the Aramaic language, the holy Hebrew of the sacred books being confined to the priestly class, and understood by them alone after the return from the Captivity. Our author's familiar knowledge of the vernacular tongue, which stood him in good stead when identifying the Biblical sites for the purposes of the Survey, and working out archaeological or topographical problems by the aid of local tradition, enabled him to verify the fact that the peasantry even now speak on the whole Aramaic rather than Arabic; and we know from Jerome that this was distinctly the case as late as the fourth century, the most archaic forms and sounds being in many instances preserved. Almost all the words used in the Bible for natural features, such as rocks, torrents, pools, springs, &c., are retained intact in the peasants' language; though certain foreign words have crept in, as "burg" for a tower, and El Mineh for a harbour, a corruption of the Greek *limen*, as well as sundry Crusading names attached to mediæval or later sites. The national character and religious usages of the Fellahin are largely in accord with this idea of their origin. Conspicuous among these signs is the small white dome or chapel crowning in every village the highest peak or ridge, variously called Kubbeh (dome), Mazâr (shrine), or Mukâm (station), the latter being a Hebrew word used in the Bible for the "places" of the Canaanites which Joshua was commissioned to destroy. Six kinds of Mukâm are enumerated by our author, some being tombs of Scripture worthies, as Noah, Abraham, the patriarchs, priests, and prophets; others commemorating Christian saints, and a whole pantheon of Mohammedan sheikhs or holy men of various races. Although there is no mythology proper to be traced in any people of Semitic blood, there is, notwithstanding, a large body of floating tradition among these retentive and stubbornly unchanging tribes, which seems to go back to a very early stage of national belief and usage. The legend of the "Fewish," a name strongly suggestive of Phœnician origin, is perhaps of dubious etymological or ethnological value, since the peasants say that the Fewish were Christians, and the sites connected with the name are invariably Crusading towns or fortresses.

Besides the settled population of the villages, the nomadic tribes or Bedawin formed the subject of Mr. Conder's intimate and accurate study. The language of these tribes differs from that of the peasantry, coming nearer to that of the Arabs of the Mecca district, and thus to literary Arabic. They have, moreover, a kind of slang of their own, which Europeans fail to understand. The wave of nomadic life has been from time immemorial lapping, as our author graphically puts it, against the mountain of the Fellahin. This wave has its ebb and flow. In times of peace the Government is strong, and the Arabs are driven back into the deserts. When war breaks out, the wild tribes encroach upon the settled lands, and levy black-mail. On the whole, however, the settled people gain ground, the Bedawin being a mere shadow of what their forefathers were. The Jewish population comes also under our author's notice, the latest and most authentic statistics of their numbers, condition, and prospects having been carefully collected by him. Of the fertility and the resources of the country he gives in conclusion a highly encouraging estimate. No physical change, he considers, has come over the land, affecting in any way its natural water supplies or the productiveness of the soil. All that is needed is a larger and more energetic population, and, above all, good and settled government. Good roads, efficient irrigation, and water storage, the immediate results of this blissful change, would ere long bring back to the Holy Land its birthright as a "land of rivers and streams," the joy of the whole earth. Strange to say, it is to the agency of England in some mysterious way that popular expectation turns for the realization of this millennial vision.

GADDINGS WITH A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.*

IF we have not enjoyed these "Gaddings" so much as Mr. Baillie Grohman's former book on "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," perhaps it is not altogether the author's fault. In the earlier work we had more of the fresh flavour of his favourite experiences; he carried us away from remote valleys and villages into the very heart of the mountains; introduced us to keepers, foresters, and poachers; excited us with stirring stories of the chase of the chamois, or of circumventing the almost more wary blackcock. Here we have but a single chapter of mountain sport, which is introduced at the finish, seemingly by way of *bonne bouche*. For the rest we are kept more in the villages and among the churches, and are instructed in the manners and customs of the people. At the same time we have no reason to complain of want of variety; and if the volumes appear in any degree tame, they are only tame by comparison. Mr. Baillie Grohman, apparently, is half German by blood, and he is certainly more than half Tyrolese by taste as well as domestication. He lives among the people and knows them intimately. He lies out among the hills for days together in pursuit of sport; he cooks his own very simple meals in solitary huts on the Alps and among the glaciers. He makes himself at home in the rude village inns or in the cottages of hospitable keepers and farmers. He attends their rifle matches attired in the local costume, and seems to talk the provincial *patois* fluently, being even a master of the rough and stinging "chaff" which is the regular small change of conversation in those mountain valleys. And in the course of his "Gaddings" he takes us to the shooting matches; to the Passion and Paradise plays; to the Confessional, Church ceremonies, and wedding festivities. We visit the *Sennhütten*, where solitary shepherdesses superintend the dairies and see to the flocks among the clouds and Alpine flower gardens, through the short summer season; and the peasant-baths, which are considered sovereign for the indigestion that must often wait upon voracious appetites. It is seldom indeed that a stranger of birth and education acquaints himself so thoroughly with those habits of the humbler classes in a most interesting country at which the mere tourist can only glance in passing. Mr. Grohman has done for the Tyrolese peasantry what Mr. Rose has done for the Spanish lower orders in his *Untrodden Spain*. Not the least romantic passage in his volumes is that where he tells how he became master of the Schloss Matzen, from which he dates his preface. Once upon a time the castle was "the mighty stronghold of powerful Tyrolese nobles, races more famous than the notorious Rhenish knights for their warlike spirit and for their daring deeds of highwaymanry." It seems to have been the fastness of the family of the Freundsbergers, whose best-known scion led his bands of landsknechts under the Constable de Bourbon to the sack of Rome. Mr. Grohman had paid it a visit, four years ago, one balmy evening in September. He had been enchanted by the view of the picturesque landscape framed in a rugged oriel window in one of the uppermost stories. His eyes had gone wandering from the glaciers among the snowy mountain summits down to that military road, made by the Roman legionaries eighteen hundred years ago, which winds along the meadows by the banks of the Inn. He had strolled through long suites of ghostly rooms that echoed solemnly to the tread of the intruder; he crossed the cloistered courtyard and passed under the dilapidated iron-plated portals, and, when he emerged again on the turf before the castle gates, he had fallen passionately in love with the place. We know not whether he had gone to examine it as an intending purchaser, but it chanced to be in the market, and in twenty-four hours he had made arrangements to buy it. This book was written, as he tells us, in that upper chamber with the oriel window and the magnificent view. He has converted the room into a study, and furnished it with objects of archaeological and historical interest which he collected elsewhere. Nothing could possibly sound more romantic, and certainly it is not Mr. Grohman's fault if he has not been inspired on his favourite subjects.

A propos of that appropriate furnishing of his writing den, he tells some curious and amusing stories of his chases after antiquities. He declares that he finds these adventures almost as exciting as his expeditions in pursuit of the chamois, and they serve besides to give the reader an insight into the nature of the Tyrolese peasants. There was a time, as it appears, and not very long ago, when Tyrol was the paradise of the antiquarian collector and bric-à-brac hunter. Not a church but had its carvings or primitive paintings of no mean merit. Not a well-to-do household but could boast of its heirlooms in the shape of richly-wrought chests and cupboards as massive and substantial as they were seductive. It is hard to conceive how such costly specimens of artistic refinement should have been prized at any time among the more barbarous ancestors of a people who have long ceased to appreciate them. No men can be more eager to turn a penny honestly or otherwise than the Tyrolese, yet the shrewdest of them were as ignorant as their own infants of the purpose which tempted the curiosity-hunters into their valleys. Even the better-educated priests regarded rare old worm-eaten panellings and discoloured altar-pieces as so much worthless lumber, and would barter them willingly for some brand-new cross with the Saviour suspended to it in ghastly distortion. The dealers from Vienna and Munich found their account in this happy

* *Gaddings with a Primitive People; being a Series of Sketches of Alpine Life and Customs.* By W. A. Baillie Grohman. London: Remington & Co. 1878.

state of things, and for many years it was the parishes of the Austrian highlands that chiefly supplied the stores in their magazines. Now it is seldom indeed that one lights upon genuine treasure, but still patience and indefatigable research meet occasionally with their reward. Of course chances of the kind come more often to an habitual wanderer like Mr. Grohman, who is only looking out for these bargains incidentally; yet sometimes the disappointment is all the more bitter when he has missed by a hair's breadth some inestimable prize. Once, for instance, he had come upon a simple little church in a lonely hamlet. The church had too evidently been restored and vandalized; it was flaunting in stucco and coarse gilding, and all the most gaudy colours of the rainbow. He examined the dark loft in the bell-tower, where any "rubbish" was most likely to be stored away, but found it empty. It had been cleared out only a year or two before—so the schoolmaster-verger informed him—and the contents had been sold to a travelling Jew. "We were very glad, I can tell you, to get rid of the rubbish, and though he gave but a trifle for the whole lot, it must have cost him a good deal to get the things away, there was such a quantity." However, Mr. Grohman stumbled upon a Renaissance altar cloth of embossed leather of precious workmanship. Unfortunately it had been irretrievably injured by abuse and neglect, yet Mr. Grohman saw enough to excite him, and he made anxious inquiries on the subject. The old verger remembered that it had been used as a target when he was a boy, but added that he had found another precisely similar and in perfect preservation since the Jew had made his purchases. "Where is it?" demanded the enthusiast eagerly, and he was shown the remains of the mediæval masterpiece in the seats of the trousers of the verger's grandchildren.

There is a pretty description of the Sunday visit of a lover to the Alpine hut inhabited in the summer by the object of his affections. That solitary life is one that could only be made endurable by habit, iron nerves, and absolute indifference to danger. The girl lives alone among her cattle. She seldom sees a living soul, except her fellow-servant who brings her the fortnightly supplies, or some surly keeper who is sure to suspect her of being in league with his enemies the poachers. "She has to tackle the vicious bull single-handed; she has to tame the cow—no longer the docile creature that would come when she called her name, since her calf has been taken away from her." She has to protect herself and her frail habitation and her charges against snow-storms, thunder-storms, hurricanes, and swollen torrents. One can fancy how she looks forward to a pleasant visit of any kind—above all, to the visit of a lover. Yet it is significant of Tyrolean self-restraint under any circumstances that the pair to all appearance are absolutely undemonstrative, unless for what may be read in their eyes. She does not even offer her admirer her hand, nor does he seem to expect it. Yet should there be rival suitors, and if the young woman is a flirt, it will be seen that his feelings are the fiercer for being suppressed, and affairs are unlikely to be settled without bloodshed. The very indoor amusements of the Tyrolese are rough and even savage, though they seldom bear malice for anything that may happen. Mr. Grohman tells of a friendly struggle in an inn-yard, where a couple of companions at a drinking-bout interlocked the middle fingers of their right hands, resting the elbows on the table, and struggled to drag each other over. A muscle gave way under the strain and one of them was hopelessly maimed for life; yet, when the first sharp burst of pain was deadened and the finger was dressed, the sufferer gave his hand to the winner, and they ended the evening amicably as they had begun it. So at the rifle matches, they show the same inflexible firmness of nerve and body. Mr. Grohman took a friend to one of them, who was inclined to depreciate these performances. The cynically disposed spectator changed his opinion altogether when he saw the marksmen at work. He remarked afterwards that, "had he not seen it with his own eyes, he would never have believed that human muscle and nerves could remain so rigid, and apparently motionless." And the shooting is the more admirable that the weapons are clumsy and antiquated. The usual range is 150 yards, and Mr. Grohman has counted five consecutive shots in which "five marksmen, taken at haphazard, firing one after the other, hit each a mark the size of a sixpence." Such feats are the more astonishing if we consider that the marksman has no rest either for his body or for the unwieldy rifle. The making of roads, the introduction of railways, and the gradual spread of ideas that are more than liberal, will bring about wonderful changes no doubt. In the meantime, Mr. Grohman describes a people who are the very descendants of the terrible free-shots who, strong in their devotion to the throne and the Church, defended their mountains in Napoleon's wars against the French and Bavarians. With all their faults, and in spite of their ignorance and superstition, they are a noble and manly race, and they might easily be changed for the worse.

NOHL'S LIFE OF MOZART.*

IT is perhaps unfortunate when an author thinks it necessary to introduce his work by disparaging some previous effort in the same direction. In the preface to his present volume Dr. Nohl feels himself called on to justify the publication of his book in face of the excellent *Life of Mozart* by Otto Jahn. Readers of Jahn's writings on musical subjects need not be reminded of the many excellences which combine to make up his style of thought and ex-

pression. Dr. Nohl admits the merits of his predecessor's work, only he thinks it is too scientific. It was "undertaken solely with a view of contributing a chapter to the history of art, and executed in a scientific manner." "The living personality and the individuality of the master himself came out only incidentally and in a fragmentary way; for the free and lifelike moulding of the material, such as can only be brought out by a distinct artistic intention, is here altogether wanting, if indeed it found any place in the design of the author." From this kind of remark it is but a short step to calling Jahn's book "materialistic" in its nature and character; and this step the writer easily accomplishes in the following paragraph. We confess that all this strikes us as a little offensive. Such good work as Jahn's should not be condemned as wanting in artistic intention. Biography is not usually regarded as the same thing as fiction; and the life of a great artist should, if complete, be before all other things a chapter of art history. Moreover, it is not correct to speak of Jahn's elaborate work as failing to supply an adequate conception of the composer's personality; and Dr. Nohl, in his sketch of Mozart's life, is compelled again and again to acknowledge his indebtedness to his predecessor both for facts and for interpretations. The real difference between the two works is that Herr Jahn has presented Mozart to us both as artist and as man, while Dr. Nohl has been mainly concerned to exhibit the latter aspect of his subject. The question is, which is the more important in the case of a great originating genius—a study of his artistic work in its proper historical relations and of those circumstances of his life which most powerfully influenced this productivity, or a detailed concrete picture of the artist's personality and doings, whether related or not related to his creative activity. We certainly think the former is the more valuable, and this difference of value may be very well illustrated by a perusal of the two biographies of Mozart now in question.

The value of a literary production, however, is not the same as its popularity. It is certain that many more persons are attracted by a vivid biographical portraiture of a man than by a careful and scientific appreciation of his art; and, since Jahn's admirable work is not accessible to English readers, we may be grateful that this slighter sketch is now within our reach. In the case of Mozart, too, there is a singular charm in the character and personality to be depicted which eminently fits it for the popular mode of treatment adopted by Dr. Nohl. This charm has been seen by the biographer, and the result is a book that possesses in a high degree the quality which Mr. Mark Pattison has just told us is the one condition of success in the present day—readableness. In point of fact, if we may be pardoned a paradoxical mode of expression, the work almost errs by being too readable. This arises in part from the extreme simplicity of the subject. Mozart was a singularly open and transparent nature. He offers the biographer no obscure depths of temperament and emotional experience like Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Chopin. Then, too, his life was but little entangled in mysterious circumstances and relations. Dr. Nohl has thus nothing to clear up, and an intellectual reader is inclined to wish for some break in the easy flow of the narrative, for some element of complexity which would make a larger demand on his powers of attention and reflection. The excessive readableness of the book is, however, to be explained in part by the author's style, which has far too much of the gushing, sentimental element. A fine example of this meets us on the very first page, where, after the apparently matter-of-fact announcement, "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg on January 27, 1756," we are regaled with a rhapsody on the beauty of Salzburg extending over more than four pages, and beginning thus:—"Salzburg—this portion of Paradise in Germany—this gem among all the cities of our northern Fatherland," &c. This exclamatory manner runs throughout the book. The proper emotional effect of every incident related is indicated to the reader by expressions like "How touching!" (which recurs *ad nauseam*), "What child-like modesty!" and so on. This kind of interpretation appears to be carried even further than the very duller reader can require when Mozart's separation from his father on the eve of a long journey, with a view to the further development of his talent, is "brought home" to the reader by the exclamations, "How sad must the parting have been! What fears and hopes have alternately agitated the father's breast!" At the same time we must add, in justice to the writer, that his emotional leanings are not altogether disagreeable, even to a refined taste. Mozart is eminently a subject with which the biographer should be in love, so to speak. Dr. Nohl is evidently in this condition of mind; and a recognition of this fact not only leads the fastidious reader to condone many of the feeble and silly exclamations with which the narrative abounds, but enables him to discover a real charm in the naïve, caressing manner which the author every now and then adopts, even when it descends to such seemingly childish expressions as the ever-recurring "our maestro."

The outlines of Mozart's life are probably known to most readers, and there is no need of reproducing them here. Dr. Nohl's narrative adds many an interesting little touch to the pre-existing picture of the man (in the English reader's mind at least), though we cannot but think that his great fondness for his subject has disposed him here and there to attach too much value to trivialities. The stories of Mozart's amazing precocity will be familiar to all. More fresh and interesting is the account of the happy relations of Mozart to his family and his friends. He hid depths of earnest affection under a charming guise of sportiveness. Some of his letters to his sister (Nannerl) here quoted are full of this tender playfulness. Even towards his father, with whom he found it sufficiently difficult to keep up harmonious relations, this

* *The Life of Mozart*. Translated from the German work of Dr. Ludwig Nohl. By Lady Wallace. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

stone of pleasantry is the prevailing one. The account of Mozart's relations with his father is one of the most attractive features of the book, being full of a genuine human interest. Their two natures were thoroughly dissimilar, notwithstanding their common devotion to music. The father was eminently practical, having something of a Scotch cautiousness, and, wisely perhaps, apprehensive on behalf of a youth whose manners suggested a too light-hearted gaiety. The frolicsome son could never be got to fall in with this serious way of taking life, and his emotional impressibility and his love of fun and adventure tended to alienate him from his father's sympathies. At the same time it is probable, as Dr. Nohl suggests, that the young composer, exposed to all the seductions of flattering patronage and feminine fondling, was kept right by a sound instinct of self-preservation which easily escaped the too anxious father's eye, disguised as it was by a superficial levity. This instinct showed itself in relation to the most important matter of all, for after a series of sentimental attachments Mozart seems to have acted very wisely in the selection of a thoroughly practical and helpful wife. It must not be supposed from this that the father appears in this biography as a harsh and discordant element in Mozart's life. He was not like the guardians of so many young aspirants to a literary and artistic life, such as Heine and Goethe, a check on the ardent strivings of his son; but, on the contrary, did his very best to further the youth's tastes and aims. He invariably urges his son to prudence and economy with a view to his final success as a musician. Here is an illustration of his thoroughly sound views of life:—

It depends wholly on your own good sense and good conduct whether you become a commonplace artist whom the world would forget, or a celebrated *Kapellmeister*, of whom posterity will read hereafter in books—whether infatuated by some pretty face, you one day breathe your last on a straw sack, your wife and children in a state of starvation, or, after a well-spent Christian life, die peacefully in honour and independence, and your family well provided for.

Dr. Nohl speaks of Mozart's "struggles" with his father, but, in truth, the differences were never very alarming. There was some coolness after the composer's marriage, which was very distasteful to the father, but the wounds seem to have been soon healed up. On the whole, it must be said that youthful genius, with its characteristic caprices and excessive requirements, has rarely, if ever, had less to complain of in the matter of parental indifference or opposition than in the instance of Mozart. A far more serious trouble in the composer's life was the conduct of the Archbishop of Salzburg, which was eminently adapted to chafe and incense an eager and sensitive youth. This personage, in whose employment Mozart passed a good part of his early active life, was utterly incapable of understanding the value of Mozart's genius. He seems to have held music in light esteem, and to have regarded his musicians as English country gentlemen used, according to Macaulay, to regard their chaplains, as on a level with their domestic menials. The narrative of Mozart's gradual rupture with his unappreciative patron is full of interest. Mozart probably did not smart under this kind of treatment as a man of more sensitive and gloomy temperament would have done. His healthy nature devised all kinds of alleviations for itself. Yet it was a hard experience even for the sunny Mozart, and it undoubtedly helped to enrich his emotional nature with new sympathies, and through this to give depth and earnestness to his music. Mozart's success came after a testing, though not exhausting, series of delays and disappointments, and thus his music remains, on the whole, bright and triumphant in its tone, with an element of sadness, or at least seriousness, which becomes more pronounced as his experience grew wider. The melancholy which attacked the composer so soon after his complete success, and even his early death, sad as they are, do not suffice to dim the happy impression which his full and joyous existence leaves on the reader's mind.

Dr. Nohl's treatment of the more technical side of his subject, which he could not of course altogether leave out of view, is far less satisfactory than his account of the man himself. We miss in his characterization of Mozart's various departments of production that scientific precision which is so welcome a feature in Jahn's work. He attempts to define the relations of Mozart's temperament and character to his music, but he seems to us rather to darken than to clear up this side of his subject. Dr. Nohl delights in talking about the composer's "harmonious organization," his "worship of the ideal," his "profound mode of searching into the signification of life," and so on; but one feels as if he were here vaguely using borrowed conceptions. Possibly the subject of musical genius is not one fitted for exact treatment; in that case, however, it might be well not to treat of it at all rather than to indulge in the utterly misty and high-flown talk which is so common in musical biography. The relation of Mozart's nature to his art cannot be better summed up than in the words of Otto Jahn:—"He feels musically all that touches man, and he moulds every feeling to an element of art."

One word in conclusion as to the translation. We owe our thanks to Lady Wallace for giving us in good, readable English Dr. Nohl's biography of Mozart, after translating his collection of the composer's letters. Yet we could wish that greater care had been bestowed on the text. As it is, it is disfigured by a number of grammatical and other errors, as well as by affectations of German expression, such as "bride" for "betrothed," "am arrived" for "have arrived," "band" for "riband." Some expressions again—as, for example, "fruitful productiveness"—appear to be due to want of accuracy in the rendering of the original.

SALTHURST.*

SALTHURST is not only not a good novel, but can hardly be said to have any pretensions to be such. Probably nobody would be more ready than the author to deprecate the application to it of any high standard of criticism. The flimsiness of the plot, the carelessness of the dialogue, the pages of undisguised padding by which the three volumes have been made out—all these an experienced reader perceives almost at first sight, and instead of raising lofty questions about the aim and requirements of the novel, instead of taking the book seriously at all, his one inquiry about it will be, if he is wise, Is it amusing or attractive enough to give me an hour or two's idle gratification? There is plenty of room for this kind of worthless and yet readable literature. The French know how to do it. Apart from the great names and the great books, there are comparatively few French novels which will not make a railway journey pleasanter or pass muster very fairly on a rainy day in the country. Frenchmen have for the most part an instinctive understanding of what is wanted for a story, and when they have found one they tell it without *arrière pensée*, without anxious endeavours to propitiate Mrs. Grundy, and, above all, without the burdensome necessity of the third volume. As a consequence, their books do succeed in amusing their readers. It is only by an accident, of course, that their works fall under the same category as the great novels of the century; but still they perform their function, such as it is, creditably. They amuse or interest you like a piece of gossip from an acquaintance. They, like your friends, give themselves no airs. If they tell an unpleasant story, they tell it without perpetual attempts to save their own characters by dragging in a moral, unless indeed in that land of politics it be a political moral. They tell it as a man or woman of the world would tell it in society—more or less well, no doubt, but without that ever present ghost of the "respectable" behind the curtain which haunts an English author on the same track. Here, as everywhere else in their literature, the French sense for form is conspicuous. We can all of us laugh at the extremes into which this sense sometimes leads them—at George Sand playing pranks with Shakespeare, at Jacques married to Celia, or at the French Hamlet, alive and prosperous, bowing his farewell to the audience over his uncle's dead body; but it would do our lesser writers much more good to reflect upon the numberless other extremes from which this French characteristic saves the French. It saves them from the English three volumes to begin with, which is much; but this perpetual instinct of theirs for what is at once shapely and amusing saves them also, generally speaking, from that worst English abomination—the novel which tries to be at once immoral and goody-goody. It saves them from the heroes and heroines, from the scenes and the sermons, which abound in books like *Salthurst*.

The heroine of *Salthurst* is one of the most good-for-nothing young people whom it has ever been our ill fortune to meet with in fiction. The story of her life is briefly this. As the only child of her widowed mother, she migrates from a cottage and poverty to riches and a vicarage when that mother becomes the second wife of the rector of *Salthurst*, Mr. Barrington. *Salthurst* is described in one or two places as a big manufacturing town. That is to say, by carefully hunting up passages we gather as much from the three volumes. Of the real atmosphere of a manufacturing town, however, of that Northern industrial life which Mrs. Gaskell knew so well how to make the background of a story, the present author does not attempt to convey any impression whatever. But for the investigations we have mentioned we should have derived, on the whole, a rural and countryfied idea of the heroine's surroundings from the various pieces of description interwoven with the conversation. However, from a sentence in the opening chapter, where *Salthurst* is spoken of as "a great smoky black place," we remain tolerably convinced that the author meant to describe a manufacturing town, at any rate when she set out, though she has not succeeded in conveying any very definite impressions of the place. The heroine, Winifred Wyatt, does not begin altogether badly. The selfish, mischievous, impulsive child, described with some spirit in the opening chapters, is a long way preferable to the equally mischievous and impulsive being who pursues her destructive way through the second and third volumes. The key-note of the book, however—and a most unpleasant note it is—is struck very early in the story. Mr. Barrington, the widower who has married Winifred's mother, has two boys by a former wife; of these, Ashleigh, the eldest, is, and remains from the first page to the last, a vulgar savage, without the smallest pretensions to gentleness, in spite of a refined father and a University education. But, as always happens in these cases in novels, the second son is altogether a different being. What kind of a being remains a mystery to us. We never saw his like; we trust that Mrs. Lewis never did. Still he is evidently not a savage, at any rate as far as manners are concerned, whatever may be said of his morals; and in the second chapter of the book the heroine, at the age of ten, points him out as the hero by throwing her arms round his neck, and exclaiming, "Eugene, I do love you! I shall love you my whole life long!" It need hardly be said that the novel turns upon the affection thus early disclosed, and, considering that the hero is the quasi-brother of the heroine, the situation may be said to be an awkward one. The first volume is filled with padding of various kinds, and attempts are made to interest us in Ashleigh's bad doings, which have nothing whatever to do with the main action of the story,

* *Salthurst*. By Mrs. Arthur Lewis, Author of "The Master of Riverswood." 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley & Co. 1873.

until the sufficient number of pages have been filled, and the real business of the book comes to the front. A commonplace lover appears for Winifred, and a commonplace young lady sets her mind on Eugene. The usual misunderstandings and jealousies begin, and Winifred's character develops rapidly. After an unsatisfactory interview with Eugene, in which he ought to have put matters straight, and of course makes them crookeder than ever, the heroine (who tells the story) remarks:—

I had only one predominant feeling in the loneliness to which he left me. That feeling was unutterable *hatred* of the woman to whom he had gone back, and who, I thought, stood between us. I understood for the first and only time in my life what must be the insanity of the murderer when he risks everything—life (certainly) in this world, life (possibly) in another, and every minor happiness or blessing for the mere moment's triumph of knowing that the one hated stumbling-block upon his path is *gone*.

When matters get to this pitch, especially when only the end of the first volume has been reached, it is not hard to foresee what is to happen next. The rules of the art demand, at a juncture like this, the production of "the commonplace husband" without whom the second and third volumes would be like Tristram Shandy's torn-out chapters; and accordingly the commonplace husband appears got up in all the approved furniture of the character. A Dr. Stewart, the irreproachable Sabbatarian scientific son of a Scotch baronet, meets Winifred at a school-treat, and proposes to her in the course of a few days, after two interviews of the shortest description. And here it is only fair to say that Winifred's struggles and refusals are on the whole well described. Finally, before she accepts Dr. Stewart, she makes a wild journey to the town where Eugene is working, in the hope of seeing him and finding out his real feelings towards her. She does not succeed, passes the night on a door-step, and returns home to the inevitable illness and to marriage with Dr. Stewart.

Dr. Stewart soon sees cause to repent him of his hasty love-making. His wife, to while away the time after their marriage before the figure of Eugene can reappear with decency, fills up her supposed autobiography with details of her husband's unreason and her own miseries. He expected her to order dinner and to keep accounts, and the reader is regaled with a minute and perfectly serious description of the unhappy Mrs. Stewart's store-room, and of the various arrangements of "every cupful of rice and tapioca, every spoonful of arrowroot for sauce, every packet of peas-flour or Italian paste for soup," of the "candle-box and the spice-box," and the bread-bowl, with which the tyrannical husband tormented his wife's soul. The candle-box and the spice-box and the bread-bowl—there is a feminine elaboration in these details which drives a male reader to despair—with their accessories fill up the greater part of a chapter, until the hero enters to find the heroine "crimson over Francatelli and Mrs. Beeton," and sitting knee-deep in butchers' bills. She of course confides to Eugene her woes, which have been brought to a climax by the prospect of a dinner-party of dull guests and bewildering cookery; and a touching conversation ensues, half sentiment and half *soufflés*, in the course of which Eugene adds up the butcher's bills, and gives a fresh proof of devotion by offering to supply his old love with a first-rate cook unknown to her husband. After this matters get rapidly worse. The hero, who is described as "practising as a lawyer" in a neighbouring town—whatever that may mean—is of course at liberty, as soon as the story requires it, to make love to Mrs. Stewart at all hours and on all occasions. Love-scene follows love-scene, till at last the scandal flies abroad, and the husband is roused to the state of affairs. He behaves very well on the whole—indeed the husband of the third volume is a strange contrast to the husband of the second—and matters are patched up for a time. The reader knows better, however, than to expect any permanent self-restraint, or even worldly prudence, from such a pair of people as the hero and heroine; and very soon, of course, "there were steps in the hall; and then. . . he was there"—for no earthly reason except that he ought not to have been there. Dr. Stewart, however, is not to be trifled with; and, in the end, finding the matter quite hopeless, he has recourse to a really original expedient, for which the author deserves some credit. He issues a fiat of transportation against his wife, and does actually transport himself and her bodily to New Zealand, safe out of reach of the irrepressible Eugene. Here the wife returns to her senses, and the husband, who is made more and more agreeable as his inevitable doom approaches, like a victim adorned for the sacrifice, begins to cherish hopes of a more peaceful life. For the manner of his final exit and for the final reward of all the ill-behaviour of the other personages we must refer the reader to the aforesaid third volume. The account of the shipwreck would be really pathetic if only the author had made it possible for us to feel the smallest sympathy for the actors in it.

We have said enough, we think, to show that *Salthurst* is neither an amusing book nor a moral one. The author evidently struggles hard in her own fashion after this last qualification. But neither the strong religious flavour introduced here and there into the book, nor the holy horror expressed by the heroine of "the whole infamous theory" of Darwinism, nor even a long prayer introduced at the end of one of the most questionable chapters—none of these save the book morally, while, from the artistic point of view, they are one and all intolerable. Such a work as this sets one thinking. It is by no means devoid of ability; the English of it, apart from the frequent vulgarity of the conversations, is fairly good; in the last volume there is a good deal of movement and some imagination. Half the time and labour bestowed upon it would have carried the author through a

course of reading which would have left her with a stock of healthy and harmless ideas. As it is, the world is in no way the better, and we imagine the author must be a little the worse, for *Salthurst*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MM. DE GONCOURT have taken up the eighteenth century as their special province, and in the course of their researches in it they could not but meet some very queer personages. We mentioned a little while ago Sophie Arnould; we have now to deal with Mme. du Barry.* It seems scarcely credible that the name of a courtesan should have served as the rallying word of a religious party, but so it really was. All persons who dreaded the liberal views of the Duke de Choiseul, and who believed that the friends of Diderot, D'Alembert, and Voltaire were preparing the way for a social revolution, contributed to swell the court of Mme. du Barry, and sacrificed their very natural disgust to a supposed political necessity. Here, as MM. de Goncourt truly remark, was the secret of the favourite's scandalous tenure of power; and the hatred of the Choiseul Administration must have been great indeed when it led those prim old ladies, *mesdames tantes du roi*, to receive and visit the heroine of the *Gazette de Cythère*. The volume before us, like its predecessors, has been the result of persevering and minute research. Pamphlets, caricatures, vaudevilles, prints, newspapers, satires of every kind, have been placed under contribution; and in this curious story, which ends on the guillotine, we meet with all the scum of the Paris *petites maisons*. One of the least disreputable personages to whom we are here introduced is Thévenau de Morande, who managed to get 20,000 livres in ready money and an annuity of 4,000 livres from Louis XV. as the price for suppressing a virulent satire he had meant to publish against Mme. du Barry. The *pièces justificatives* and other illustrative documents collected by MM. Goncourt are extremely interesting.

Amongst the works which best help us to know the history of France during the sixteenth century, we must give a prominent place to the *Registres-journaux* of Pierre de l'Estoile.† This gossiping old gentleman, who occupied an important post in the French magistracy, had formed the very praiseworthy habit of keeping a diary of the events which took place around him; and we may easily imagine that in the days of the League and of his Most Christian Majesty Henry III. there was plenty to note down. These registers of Pierre de l'Estoile have hitherto been given to the public only in small fragments; and the extracts printed were disfigured by so many blunders of every kind that a new and complete edition has long been a desideratum with students of French history. A few spirited and enterprising scholars accordingly clubbed together, and the result of their co-operation is a handsome edition of all L'Estoile's memoirs, with notes, supplementary documents, &c., printed in the same style as the publications of the Société de l'Histoire de France. Three volumes, containing the journal of the reign of Henry III., have been issued; but, before proceeding to the reign of Henry IV., the editors have wisely determined to give another work of Pierre de l'Estoile which had never yet been published, and which, from the nature of its subject, forms the natural sequel to the three octavos already printed.* Fortunately for antiquaries and bookworms, L'Estoile had collected with much pains and expense more than three hundred satires, squibs, bills, broadsheets, &c., printed by the partisans of the League, and it is that collection which forms the contents of the present volume. We cannot help regretting that we have not in this otherwise excellent reprint a facsimile of the rough engravings which served to illustrate the originals; but we are told that the expense would have been too heavy; at any rate, the minute descriptions given in this volume will show what was the character of the caricatures in question, and students within reach of the Paris *Bibliothèque Nationale* can examine them without let or hindrance.

The France of the seventeenth century as known to most readers is the France of Paris, or rather of Versailles, and it is not too much to say that before the publication of the late M. Thomas's work *Une province sous Louis XIV.*, the history of French local administration during that century was quite unknown. M. Debidour has now thrown considerable light on the subject †, and his work, originally published as an exercise for the degree of Doctor of Literature, gives us an exact and minute description of the province of Anjou and the city of Angers at the beginning of the *grand siècle*. The revolution begun in Paris against Cardinal Mazarin's government was soon felt in various parts of the kingdom; the Marshal de Brézé, who ruled in Anjou, attempted to curtail the privileges of the citizens, and to crush them down under the weight of new taxes; an insurrection immediately broke out, and it required all the energy of Henry Arnaud, the Bishop of Angers, to prevent a civil war. M. Debidour has well described the circumstances of this episode, and throughout his work he has spared no pains to study and analyse the numerous documents, both manuscript and printed, which were available. The subsidiary notices printed by way of appendix include articles on Arnould, the Marshal de Brézé, and the Duke de

* *La Du Barry*. Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Registres-journaux de Pierre de l'Estoile*. Vol. 4. Paris: Libraire des Bibliophiles.

‡ *La Fronde Angevine, tableau de la vie municipale au XVII^e siècle*. Par A. Debidour. Paris: Thorin.

Rohan-Chabot. We must also give a word of praise to the *table bibliographique*, which occupies more than twenty pages.

M. Amaury-Duval's interesting volume on Ingres* reminds us of the late M. Delécluze's recollections of Louis David. A pupil and a fervent admirer of Ingres, M. Amaury-Duval has put together in a very entertaining manner a number of anecdotes which illustrate the history of French painting during the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe. MM. Quatremère de Quincy, Eugène Delacroix, Rossini, Auber, Berlioz—in fact, all the notabilities of contemporary art appear before us, and the biographical particulars collected by the author are interspersed with amusing sketches of what our neighbours call *la vie d'atelier*.

The *Silhouettes et anecdotes* of M. Elie Berthet† are somewhat like the volume we have just noticed, only the *dramatis personæ* are more numerous. M. Elie Berthet, well known as one of the best and most fertile of *feuilletonistes*, was for a long time an assiduous writer for the *Siècle* newspaper, and he has much to tell us about M. Louis Desnoyers, M. Eugène Guinand, and M. Méry. The author of the *Three Musketeers* also contributes his share to the amusing reminiscences here collected; and it is edifying to learn that the editor of the *Siècle* steadily refused to insert tales which, though bearing the signature of Alexandre Dumas, were really the work of his literary hacks. The grotesque account of a lecture on Hannibal at Capua serves to show how the Second Empire feared political allusions; and it seems scarcely credible that Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, actually despatched to the Salle Valentino, where the lecture was delivered, a shorthand writer whose business it was to take down verbatim what was regarded as a political manifesto full of subversive suggestions. The chapter on Louis Philippe is one of the most characteristic in the volume; it describes the *bourgeois* tastes of the Citizen-King, and his habits of economy; and it is amusing to watch him as he higgles about the price of a statue, or gives an order for two thousand francs' worth of painted canvas.

The dramatic fantasia to which M. Renan has given the name of *Caliban*‡ seems intended to point the moral that government must be conducted according to a sort of eclectic theory, which allows a proper share to democracy without giving it undivided sway; and that the most ultra-democrats find themselves obliged to repudiate their principles when they want to retain power and to establish a solid rule. Some of the arguments which M. Renan places in the mouths of his *hommes du peuple* are amusing enough. Of course God is eliminated at the outset; no one is to be allowed to govern, all men are equal, and, by a curious contradiction, the rich are to supply work for the proletariat. No taxes, no army; and yet, in the same breath, the model demagogue proclaims war against the neighbours of the pattern commonwealth. Vainly does a modest critic remark that war cannot be carried on without taxes or without a standing army; his objections are drowned in the shout of "A bas les riches! Vivent les patriotes!"

Of M. Jules Soury's essays§ it is enough to say that his preface shows the amount of freedom which some champions of free thought would allow to those who do not think exactly as they do, if a combination of political events should place the government in their hands. We have not the least objection to M. Soury or any other writer taking atheism and materialism as the basis of his philosophical system; what is intolerable as well as intolerant is the gratuitous insult contained in the following sentence:—"Une autre naïveté, c'est de croire, je ne dis pas à la science des gens d'église, mais à leur conscience."

M. Fauconnier has devoted an interesting and suggestive little volume to what he calls *La question sociale*||—that is to say, the eternal debate between capital and labour. Unfortunately, however, a large portion of his book is taken up by questions which have nothing to do with his subject, such as religious education, Papal infallibility, and the like. He forgets that Socialism is not necessarily a lay idea, but that, on the contrary, it was advocated by some of the most distinguished representatives of the clergy, both regular and secular, during the middle ages.

There is a well-known story related by La Fontaine about two thieves disputing the possession of a donkey; they came to blows, and, whilst the battle was raging fast and furious,

Arrive un troisième larron,
Qui saisit maître Aliboron.

Such, says the anonymous writer of the pamphlet before us¶, is the tale of the Egyptian loan. We do not stop to ask whether he has sacrificed strict accuracy of statement to smart writing, nor can we here follow his account of the Khedive's commercial transactions from 1854 to 1876. His practical conclusion is at any rate a safe one—that French speculators should be satisfied with investing their money in French enterprise; there are, he says, plenty of opportunities at home for realizing handsome dividends, and, after the disastrous experiments of Honduras, Peruvian, Turkish, and Haytian loans, it is rash to run after exotic scrip, even on the promise of ten per cent. interest.

The fourth volume of General Ducrot's history gives us the last

stages of the siege, the insurrection, and the armistice.* Up to the beginning of January, 1871, the Germans were still in a comparatively difficult position. The French army at Metz occupied a considerable proportion of their forces; they had also to deal with the various provincial corps which were organized in almost every part of France; and the only line of railway available for them was the Eastern one. After the battles of Orléans, Vendôme, Villers-Bretonneux, and Pont-Noyelles, the situation was completely changed; the approaches to the capital were open, and the invaders could concentrate all their efforts for the purpose of striking a final blow. General Ducrot's volume opens at this stage in the progress of the war, and details the incidents which marked the last few months of the campaign. The concluding chapter deserves special attention; summing up as it does the author's view of the whole affair, and stating plainly the faults committed by the Revolutionary Government. The organization of the National Guard is a notable episode, and it is certainly matter for astonishment that M. Jules Favre and his colleagues, knowing, as they must have done, the state of the working classes and of the Paris mob, should have deliberately placed in the hands of men who had nothing to lose the means of keeping the capital at the mercy of a permanent insurrection. The various documents published on the siege of Paris all agree in one important point—namely, the scandalous incapacity of the Government extemporized after the capitulation of Sedan; and General Ducrot's narrative, supported by a formidable array of documentary evidence, is conclusive on this subject.

Professor Büchner begins his treatise† by regretting the way in which Shakspeare has been tortured by commentators who have endeavoured to father upon him theories of every sort and kind. The author of *Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet* simply aimed at interesting his readers and his audiences. He knew nothing of the science of aesthetics, of the three unities, or of the difference between the classical and the romantic schools; let us therefore, he says, not try to make him more of a philosopher than he really was. It is remarkable that this protest against the theorizing mania should be the preface to a fresh theory about *Hamlet*, a theory which many critics will no doubt consider quite as wild and improbable as the absurdest of those hitherto brought forward. According to Professor Büchner, Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is the attempt of a man of genius to reconcile a psychological conception of his own with that of some other poet. There are two *Hamlets* in the tragedy—the one derived from an old play which "must have existed" before Shakspeare's time; the other the creation of Shakspeare himself. It is certainly an original notion to explain the seeming contradictions in *Hamlet*'s character by the gratuitous hypothesis of an imaginary play written by an unknown hand.

Readers who are interested in the life of M. Michelet will find plenty of curious gossip in the volume recently published by M. E. Noël.‡ The history of Michelet's domestic circle, of his friends, of his method of composition, is copiously illustrated from his correspondence, and our only regret is that the correspondence itself should not have been printed. The original idea of the editor was to draw largely on the numerous letters left by Michelet, but it seems that such a step would have probably led to a law-suit. The correspondence will, we hope, be given to the public at some later period.

M. Alcide Dusolier § publishes a volume of literary portraits in which MM. Augier, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Fabre, Flaubert, and other contemporary French writers have their appropriate places. The introductory letter to the great *lundi* may be regarded as M. Dusolier's profession of faith. It tells wholesome truths to those young men who now, without any preparatory studies, fancy that they can write even so elementary a thing as a *feuilleton*. M. Dusolier is, we believe, guilty of no exaggeration when he says that the acquaintance of *La jeune France* with Mme. de Sévigné, Montaigne, or Saint-Simon, is chiefly derived from the perusal of the *Causeries du Lundi*. His wish is that some review might be founded, written with talent and honesty, aiming at strictly plain dealing, and reproducing the qualities of Fréron's *Année littéraire*. Has M. Sainte-Beuve left no successors, and must we give up the hope of seeing criticism occupying once again the position to which he had raised it? Much abuse has been poured upon the "Monday" journalist by persons who do not know the meaning of the words independence and impartiality; but truth usually prevails in the long run, and the justice of the views put forth by M. Dusolier and his masters Diderot and Sainte-Beuve will sooner or later be acknowledged.

M. Henry Havard now brings to a conclusion his travels through Holland.|| Two volumes had already made us acquainted with several districts of that country; the third, as the title informs us, takes us into the very heart of the Netherlands, and describes regions where primitive customs have to a certain degree survived, and where cosmopolitanism has not yet exercised its deleterious influence. Dordrecht, Zerichæe, Middelburg, and Flushing are, if we may believe M. Havard, the places where we should study Holland; his revelations are mostly new to us, and in the volume before us we have anecdotes, sketches of modern life, and descriptions of scenery, agreeably diversified by historical

* *L'atelier d'Ingres, souvenirs.* Par Amaury-Duval. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Histoires des uns et des autres.* Par Elie Berthet. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Caliban: suite de la Tempête, drame philosophique.* Par E. Renan. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Essai de critique religieuse.* Par Jules Soury. Paris: Leroux.

|| *La question sociale.* Par E. Fauconnier. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

¶ *Histoire financière de l'Égypte depuis Saïd Pacha.* Paris: Guillaumin.

* *La défense de Paris.* Par le Général Ducrot. Vol. 4. Paris: Dentu.

† *Hamlet le Danois.* Par Alexandre Büchner. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *J. Michelet et ses enfants.* Par E. Noël. Paris: Dreyfous.

§ *Nos gens de lettres.* Par Alcide Dusolier. Paris: Dreyfous.

|| *La Hollande pittoresque—le cœur du pays.* Par Henry Havard. Paris: Plon.

pictures and episodes of the olden times. M. Plon, who has already contributed many excellent volumes to the literature of travel, is fortunate in having secured amongst his coadjutors an author of M. Henry Havard's talent.

The early history of the Swiss Confederation is surrounded by a halo of legend which long ago excited the suspicion of critical historians, such as Voltaire, and which has more recently been pitilessly investigated by competent writers. The romantic episode of William Tell is no doubt extremely touching; but on what grounds does it rest, and is there sufficient reason to accept its authenticity? Such is the question which M. Galiffe discusses once again in the *Revue Suisse* for June.* The article of M. Marc Monnier on Charles Fournel reveals to us the existence of one of those numerous artists who have possessed more genuine qualities than many far more celebrated writers, but who nevertheless will never obtain the reputation they really deserved. It is well that his name should be rescued from oblivion.

Poetry and fiction supply their usual share to our list of new books. M. X. Marmier, the indefatigable traveller, borrows from the literature of all nations the fourteen tales which compose his new volume.† Mme. de Chandeneux, leaving for a season the sphere of military life, tries to interest us in topics of a controversial character. Her new heroine is a Protestant, whose religious education is accountable for her selfishness and her repulsive pride.‡ In a higher region of literature we have M. Reynard's new rendering of Dante, with notes, preceded by Boccaccio's life of the great Florentine poet, now first translated into French.§ The new edition of M. Victor de Laprade's poems||, beautifully printed, will be welcomed by all lovers of noble thoughts eloquently and tersely expressed. Finally we may mention the first volume of M. Labiche's dramatic works¶, introduced by a preface from the pen of M. Emile Augier. The scenes given to the author of *Le Chapeau de paille d'Italie* are perhaps somewhat exaggerated; but we are bound to say that the plays of M. Labiche contrast favourably with the fashionable burlesques of the present day.

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. Juin 1878. Lausanne: Brél.

† *Les hasards de la vie, contes et nouvelles*. Traduits par X. Marmier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Sans cœur*. Par Claire de Chandeneux. Paris: Didier.

§ *La divine comédie, traduction nouvelle*. Par F. Reynard. Paris: Lemerre.

|| *Œuvres complètes de V. de Laprade*. Paris: Lemerre.

¶ *Théâtre complet de Eugène Labiche*. Avec une préface d'Emile Augier. Vol. 1. Paris: Lévy.

ERRATUM.—For "MESSRS. TARVER and WILKINSON," mentioned in our article of last week on *Architecture at the Royal Academy as the designers of the "Three Nuns" Hotel, Aldgate*, read "Messrs. TARRING and WILKINSON."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MESSRS. FOSTER respectfully announce for SALE by AUCTION, at their Gallery, 54 Pall Mall, on Saturday, July 13, at One o'clock precisely, a portion of the most choice stock of Messrs. CARBONELL'S renowned Cellar of WINES, comprising about 114 Dozen of very fine old crusted Port, vintages 1854, 1868, 1871, 1874, from ten to twenty years in bottle, 436 Dozen of superior Sherry, bottled in 1866, 1870, 1871, and 1873; 412 Dozen of choice old East India Madeira and 35 Dozen of Hock (Cabinet 1857, Steinberg 1867, Hockheimer 1868, and Rudesheimer 1868); 129 Dozen of rare vintage Barsac of 1847, 1858, 1861, and 1868 vintage, and bins of Ruellais, Hermitage, Lisbon, Vidonia, Rivesalt, Sauterne (Château Quém, 1863), St. Peral, Frontignac, &c. The reason d'être of the Sale is owing to the prevailing demand for less expensive Wines. Messrs. CARBONELL have determined on reducing their stock of the finest to make room for Wines in more general consumption. In calling attention to this sale Messrs. FOSTER feel any panegyric on their part quite unnecessary, the time-honoured name of the firm and celebrity of their Wines being the recommendation and best guarantee. The Wines were all bottled in the cellars in Regent Street, whence they will be delivered to purchasers. Sample Bottles may be had, on payment, one week prior to the Sale, and the Wines tasted at Messrs. FOSTER'S the day previous to the Sale (between Twelve and Six o'clock) and during the Auction. Catalogues forwarded on application to Messrs. FOSTER, 54 Pall Mall.

THE MIDDLEHILL ESTATE, in the county of Worcester, and the Manorial Estates of Buckland and Laverton in the county of Gloucester, forming together a magnificent Residential Domain of 2,758 acres, with the advowson of the Rectory of Buckland situate about six miles from the Market Town of Evesham, where there are first-class stations on both the Great Western and Midland Railways, and from which the Metropolis may be reached in three hours.

MESSRS. GLASIER & SONS are instructed to offer for SALE BY AUCTION, at the Mart, on Friday, July 19, in Two Lots, the above very valuable and important FREEHOLD and TITHE-FREE PROPERTIES, comprising—(1) THE MANORIAL ESTATES OF BUCKLAND and LAVERTON, consisting of over 2,007 acres of productive Arable, Grass and Woodlands, divided into Farms, with suitable Homesteads, let to substantial Tenants; and (2) THE ESTATE and MANSION OF MIDDLEHILL, consisting of about 775 Acres, chiefly fine old and Beautifully Timbered and undulated Pasture Land, interspersed with thriving Woods and Plantations, forming together one of the most picturesque and desirable Residential Properties in the Midland Counties, and presenting great attractions to any one fond of field sports, or seeking territorial and local influence. The total quantity is about 2,758 Acres, and the present income, about £4,400 per annum, exclusive of the value of about 250 Acres of park-like Pleasure-grounds, Woods, Coppices, Plantations, &c. in hand. The property is abundantly supplied with the purest water. The interior of the mansion, which contained the celebrated library of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps is in a dilapidated state, but the exterior walls are of stone, and in good condition. The whole is easily susceptible of restoration and improvement, or the materials would save great expense to a purchaser desirous of rebuilding on any of the numerous agreeable sites the estates afford. Two-thirds of the purchase money of the Buckland and Laverton Estates can remain on mortgage, if desired, at three and three-quarters per cent.

Particulars, with Plans and Conditions of Sale, may be obtained of Messrs. KINNEY & ADE, Solicitors, 9 Bloomsbury Place, London, W.C.; of Mr. H. LIZAKER, Land Agent, Frodsham, Preston Brook, Cheshire; at the Mart; and of Messrs. GLASIER & SONS, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 41 Charing Cross, London, S.W.

JULY ELECTION.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Haverstock Hill.—SUBSCRIBERS' VOTES and Interest are respectfully solicited on behalf of GEORGE STEPHEN HOLMAN, youngest of three Children, unprovided for, both Parents dead. Recommended by Lady BROMLEY; also by G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., and J. P. BACON, Esq. Proxies thankfully received by J. T. RUSSELL, 25 Wellington Road, Camberwell.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill. Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. A health resort for Invalids and others. Turkish Baths on the Premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park. Prospectus on application.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1878. FIRST and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available for Two Months, will be issued from May 1 to October 31, 1878. For Particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company. Derby, April 1878. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

TOURS to the WEST INDIES, MEXICO, CENTRAL

America; also to BRAZIL and RIVER PLATE.
Tickets are issued by the ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY, enabling Tourists to visit, at a very moderate cost, the various places touched at by their Vessels.
For information as to the dates of Sailing and Routes, apply to J. M. LLOYD, Secretary, Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, 18 Moorgate Street, London.

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel.
P. O. RICKARDS, Manager.

BRIGHTON.—GRAND HOTEL.
SITUATION BEST IN BRIGHTON.
MODERATE CHARGES.—TABLE D'HÔTE.—BATHS.
BEDROOMS from 3s. FAMILIES BOARDED.
TARIFF on application to Manager, D. COLLEDGE.

NORFOLK HOTEL, BRIGHTON.
This old-established County Family Hotel, entirely rebuilt in 1869, and more recently enlarged, is replete with every comfort, and in the best situation in Brighton, between the West Pier and the extensive Lawn Promenade. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coffee Room; Reading, Billiards, and Smoking Rooms. Table d'Hôte, separate tables, at 6.30.
GEORGE D. LEGGE, Manager.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Accessible by Rail, Steamer, or Coach. Grand Dining Saloon; Ladies' Drawing-room; Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms; and 200 comfortable Bedrooms. Excellent Cuisine, Choice Wines, and moderate charges. Tariff of T. W. HUSSEY, Manager, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

NOTICE.—Messrs. BONING & SMALL have OPENED a PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO at 22 Baker Street, Portman Square, in connexion with their well-known Establishment at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, and invite an inspection of their various styles of Portraiture. Studio on First Floor.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.—Persons having any to SELL can apply, or if sent by post their value will be sent per return.—Messrs. BROWNING, Manufacturing Dentists, 275 Oxford Street, near the Circus (late of Ebury Street). "The original and only genuine purchasers." Established 100 years.

ORDER everything you require through **COCKBURN'S UNITED SERVICE AGENCY SOCIETY**, 41 Haymarket, London, S.W., and save from 5 to 50 per cent., and much time and trouble by so doing.

WILLIAM S. BURTON,
39 OXFORD STREET, W.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The Real NICKEL SILVER, introduced more than Thirty Years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when plated by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington & Co., is the best article next to silver that can be used as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no test can it be distinguished from real silver.

PATTERNS:	Fiddle or Old Silver.	Band or Thread.	King's or Shell.
Table Forks or Spoons..... per dozen	£ s. d. 1 10 .	£ s. d. 2 1 .	£ s. d. 2 5 .
Dessert ditto ditto..... " "	1 2 .	1 9 .	1 11 .
Tea Spoons..... " "	1 4 .	1 .	1 2 .

These are as strongly plated and are in every respect equal to what other houses are selling as their first quality at very much higher prices.

A second quality of Fiddle Pattern—Table Spoons and Forks, 23s. per dozen; Dessert, 17s. per dozen; Tea Spoons, 12s. per dozen.

Tea and Coffee Sets, in White Metal, from 23 15s. to 47 7s.; Dish Covers, Beaded Pattern, £11; Dishes, ditto, Fluted, £15; Corner Dishes, from 47 15s. to 48 15s.; the Set of Four 3 Warrers, 47 2s. 6d. to 48 15s.; Biscuit Boxes, 14s. to 25 10s.; Cruet and Liquor Frames, &c., in proportionate prices.

The largest stock in existence of Plated Dessert Knives and Forks, and Fish-eating Knives and Forks and Carvers.
All kinds of Replating done by the Patent Process.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING
IRONMONGER, by appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a Catalogue, containing upwards of 500 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Thirty large Show Rooms, post free.—39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6, Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard. Manufacturers: 64 Newman Street, and Newman Mews, London, W.

HEAL & SON'S**SOMMIER ÉLASTIQUE PORTATIF**

IS THE BEST SPRING MATTRESS YET INVENTED.

HEAL & SON,

BEDSTEAD, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.
195, 196, 197, 198 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.—Catalogue post free.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS
THROUGHOUT on MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Cash Prices; no Extra Charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated priced Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—218, 219, and 220 Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, and 21 Cross Street, W.C. Established 1862.

THE AMERICAN**PATENT REVOLVING BOOK CASE.**

"We draw attention to it not so much from its use in a private library, to the owners of which it will at once command itself, as from the convenience in which books and specimens supplementing each other may be arranged in close proximity."—*Nature*.

Specimens may now be seen at Messrs. TRUBNER & Co.'s, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill. Illustrated Price Lists on receipt of One Stamp.

LONDON: TRUBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.

MORTLOCK'S CHINA.

GREAT SALE.

The ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE will commence Monday, July 8.

Unexampled Reductions in every department.

The OLD POTTERY GALLERIES, 202, 203, and 204 Oxford Street, and 30, 31, and 32 Orchard Street, Portman Square, London, W.

CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS.
Self-Colling, Fire and Thief Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. Prospectuses free.—CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Rathbone Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, has to remind the Public that every article prepared by them is guaranteed as entirely Unadulterated.—72 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 18 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

IN CONSEQUENCE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS OF

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.
which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted a NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, "LEA & PERRINS," which Signature is placed on every Bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine. Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally. Retail, by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.**ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**

(Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.)

FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE, AND ANNUITIES.

OFFICES—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH OFFICE—29 PALL MALL, S.W.
The Accumulated Funds exceed £3,500,000.

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Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.
Montagu Clough Wilkinson, Esq.
Charles Baring Young, Esq.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Midsummer will expire on July 9.

FIRE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

LIFE ASSURANCES with or without participation in Profits.

LOANS are granted on security of LIFE INTERESTS in connexion with Policies of Assurance.

A large participation in Profits, with the guarantee of the invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

All real improvements in modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of more than a Century and a half.

The Corporation are open to consider applications for Agencies.

A Prospectus, Table of Bonus, and Balance Sheet will be forwarded on application.

Royal Exchange, London. E. R. HANDCOCK, Secretary.

GUARDIAN FIRE and LIFE OFFICE.

11 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1821. Subscribed Capital, Two Millions.

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Sir Walter R. Farquhar, Bart.
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Frederick H. Janson, Esq.
G. J. Shaw Lefevre, Esq., M.P.
Beaumont W. Lubbock, Esq.
John B. Martin, Esq.
Henry John Norman, Esq.
William Steven, Esq.
John G. Talbot, Esq., M.P.
Henry Vigne, Esq.

Manager of Fire Department—F. J. MARSDEN.

Actuary and Secretary—T. G. C. BROWNE.

Share Capital at present paid up and invested £1,000,000
Total Funds about £2,200,000
Total Annual Income upwards of £460,000

N.B.—Fire Policies which expire at Midsummer should be renewed at the Head Office, or with the Agents, on or before July 9.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.)

FOR FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

HEAD OFFICE—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

WEST-END AGENTS.—Messrs. GRINDLAY & CO., 55 Parliament Street, S.W.

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Deputy-Governor—WILLIAM RENNIE, Esq.

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Robert Burn Blyth, Esq.
William Thomas Brand, Esq.
Major-General H. P. Burn.
George William Cus, Esq.
George B. Dewhurst, Esq.
Robert B. Dobree, Esq.
Geo. Louis Montagu Gibbs, Esq.
Robert Gillespie, Esq.
Howard Gilliat, Esq.
Henry Goschen, Esq.
Edwin Gower, Esq.
A. C. Guthrie, Esq.
Louis Huth, Esq.
Henry J. B. Kendall, Esq.
Charles Lyall, Esq.
Captain R. W. Peilly, R.N.
David Powell, Esq.
P. F. Robertson, Esq.
Robert Ryrie, Esq.
David P. Sellar, Esq.
Colonel Leopold Seymour.
Lewis A. Wallace, Esq.
William E. Watson, Esq.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Fifteen days of grace allowed for renewal of Midsummer Policies will expire on July 9.

The Directors invite applications for Agencies for the Fire and Life Departments. Prospectuses, copies of the Fire, Life, and Marine Accounts, and all other information can be had on application.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITIES.

1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; CORNHILL, LONDON.

Total Invested Funds..... £5,814,267

Fire Premiums, 1877 £1,028,465

Life do. do. 243,340

Interest on Investments..... 249,906

Total Annual Income £1,537,711

Under the New Series of Life Policies the Assured are entitled to Four-Fifths of the Profits of the Participating Class, Non-Bonus Policies at moderate rates. Fire Insurances upon equitable terms. For the Prospectus and last Report of the Directors, apply as above, or to any of the Agents of the Company.

* * * Fire Renewal Premiums falling due at Midsummer should be paid within Fifteen days therefrom.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET AND CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.

Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Secretary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

Instituted 1696.

The OLDEST Insurance Office in the World.

The WHOLE OF THE PROFITS are divided amongst the Policy-holders.

Applications for Agencies are invited from persons of influence.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C. and 16 & 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID-UP and INVESTED, £700,000.

Insurances against Fire on Property in all parts of the world at moderate rates of premium. Prompt and liberal settlement of claims. Policies falling due at Midsummer should be renewed before July 9, or the same will become void.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

REDUCED RATES FOR NON-PARTICIPATING POLICIES.

UNIVERSITY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

25 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Total Funds invested £1,000,000

Policies in Force, with Additions £2,200,000

Bonus Additions for every £100 assured have for the last 30 years been at the average Rate of 42 per annum.

For Forms of Proposal and Information, apply to the SECRETARY.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.

Invested assets on December 31, 1877 £5,476,045
Income for the year 1877 684,367
Amount paid on death to December last 11,536,890
Aggregate Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted 5,593,138

The expenses of Management (including Commission) are about 4½ per cent. on the Annual Income.

Attention is specially directed to the revised Prospectus of the Society; to the new rates of premium adopted, which are materially lower for young lives than heretofore; to the new conditions as to extended limits of free travel and residence; and to the reduced rates of extra premium.

Prospectus and Forms of Proposal will be sent on application.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Special arrangements for Visitors to the Exhibition have been made by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, for providing against Accidents by Railway or Steamboat during the Journey to Paris and back.

A Premium of One Shilling Insures £1,000 if Killed, or £5 per week if laid up by Injury during the Double Journey.

Policies against Accidents of all kinds may also be effected for One, Three, or Twelve Months, on moderate terms.

Apply at the Booking Offices of the Southern Railways, or at the
HEAD OFFICE: 64 CORNHILL, LONDON.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.
CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE: NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Banks, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 13 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sale and Purchase effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.

Pure, Fragrant, and Durable.

Used by the Royal Family.

Best for Toilet, Nursery, and Shaving.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.

Recommended in the "Journal of

Cutaneous Medicine," by the Editor,

Mr. EDWARD WILSON, F.R.S.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.

For a Healthy Skin and Good Complexion.

Of Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

Wholesale and Retail of

A. & F. PEARS, 91 Great Russell Street, London.

WILLS' BEST BIRD'S EYE.—This Tobacco is now put up in 1 oz. Packets, in addition to other sizes, the label being a reduced facsimile of that used for the 10s. Packets. Also in Cigarettes, in Boxes of 10 each, bearing the Name and Trade Mark of

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Bristol and London.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.

The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies, pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. Dr. HARRALL says:

"The Whisky is soft, mellow and pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality."

20 Great Titchfield Street, W.

"PRIZE MEDAL" WHISKY of the CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY, Limited. Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876. Jurors' Award:

"VERY FINE, FULL FLAVOR, and GOOD SPIRIT." This fine Old Irish Whisky may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to Wholesale Merchants, in casks and cases, by

THE CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY, Limited,
Morrison's Island, Cork.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

ELLIS'S PURE AERATED RUTHIN WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Crystal Springs. "Absolutely pure."—See Analyses, sent free on application.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, and also Water without Alkali.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—For Gout, Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potass Water.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Crystal Springs. Corks branded "R. Ellis & Son, Ruthin." Every label bears Trade Mark.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Sold everywhere. Wholesale—R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents—W. BEST & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—Standard.

"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—Food, Water, and Air, Edited by Dr. HARRALL. Tenth International Medal awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The Safest and most gentle Aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

HAY FEVER.—ANTHROXANTHUM, administered as spray, allays all the symptoms of this distressing affection. 2s. 6d. per Bottle; free by post for 33 Stamps. Spray Producer, 6s.; free by post for 63 Stamps.

JAMES EFFS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, 170 Piccadilly, and 48 Threadneedle Street.

BOOKS, &c.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NEW BOOKS.—NOTICE. Revised Lists of New and Choice Books lately added to MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, and Catalogues of Surplus Copies of many leading Books of the past and present seasons, withdrawn for sale at greatly reduced prices, are now ready, and will be forwarded postage free on application.

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THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W. Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best New Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectuses, with Lists of New Publications, gratis and post free. And A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application. BOOTH'S, CHURCHON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

Price 3s. 6d.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

For JULY (1878)

CONTAINS:

THE PLACE OF CONSCIENCE IN EVOLUTION. By the Rev. T. W. FOWLE, Rector of Islip.

THE HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION. By GEORGE HOWELL.

IRONCLAD FIELD ARTILLERY. By Colonel C. B. BRACKENBURY.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISM. Part I. By EDMUND GURNEY.

WHAT THE SUN IS MADE OF. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT. By W. J. THOMS.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. IV. By R. W. DALE.

THE SECOND ADVENT AND THE CHURCH QUESTION. By the Rev. Dr. G. VANCE SMITH.

JEWIS AND JUDAISM: a Rejoinder. By Rabbi HERMAN ADLER.

PROTECTED PRINCES IN INDIA. By Sir DAVID WEDDERBURN, Bart.

A MODERN "SYMPOSIUM." W. R. GRIGG, the Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE, M.P., the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., Lord ARTHUR RUSSELL, M.P. Subject (concluded): Is the Popular Judgment in Politics more just than that of the Higher Orders?

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., LONDON.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in the Forthcoming Number of the above Periodical must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 6th, and BILLS by the 15th of July.
JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCCIII. will be published on WEDNESDAY, July 17th. ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion cannot be received by the Publishers later than WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 10. London, LONGMANS & CO. 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for JULY 1878.
No. DCCCLIII. 3s. 6d.

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JOHN CALDIGATE. Part IV.

APPLES: A COMEDY.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE. By THEODORE MARTIN

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GAELIC LORE AND MODERN SLANG.

OUR KENTISH PARISH.

THE TWO MUSES.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN QUESTION.

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